

ONE FILM THAT
IS BETTER THAN
THE PLAY—
LAURETTE TAYLOR
IN
'PEG O' MY HEART'
AT THE
PALACE
TO-NIGHT AT 7.45
and twice daily 2.45 & 8.30.

The People.

SPECIAL EDITION.

THE GAIETY.
NATIVE TO-MORROW (Easter Monday), 2.25.
EIGHTH & 11.15. SAT. 2.25.
The ROBERT EVERTY Production.
JOSÉ COLLINS
IN
THE LAST WALTZ
By OSCAR STRAUS.
London's Phenomenal Musical Comedy Success.
Best Performance To-date.

No. 2,163. LONDON, SUNDAY, APRIL 1, 1923. Two Pence.

CHANCELLOR'S GOLDEN EASTER EGG.

FIRST BIG HUSTLE TO THE SEASIDE.

DULL WEATHER PROPHECY DEFIED.

SOL PLAYS THE GAME.

CROWDS THE LARGEST SINCE PRE-WAR YEARS.

To-day's weather forecast predicts fair periods but a risk of showers, perhaps with thunder locally. In other words, the clerk of the weather has presented the holiday-making public with an Easter egg like the curate's egg—good in parts. Up to the present the weather has inclined to favour the fair side of the prophecy, and in many of the most popular resorts long hours of real holiday sunshine have rewarded the optimism of the Easter crowds. The "advancing depressions" responsible for the whims of the weather have had no effect on the spirits of the holiday-makers, and the size of the crowds which have swarmed by road and rail into seaside and inland resorts has been the biggest surprise of the year, so far, and a sore set-back to "calamity howlers" who have been busily proclaiming a gospel of gloom.

HOLIDAY LORE IN LONDON TOWN.

THE magic carpet of cheap fares and the promise of fair weather for the Easter Holiday has transferred thousands of work-weary folk into the golden realms of pleasure. Holiday time is as good as time, and this year more than ever there is a wide scope of amusements and diversions from which one may choose. While many prefer to stay at home and enjoy the quietude of the domestic circle—diversified as it is with an occasional scratch at the allotment, others, the more adventurous spirits, equipped with their suitcases, chartered trains, buses, aeroplanes, and motor-cycles to carry them away in search of pleasure. Notwithstanding that the weather forecast is really nothing to go into ecstasies about. In its cold, hard official verbiage it might mean anything except a prescription for pleasure, but the holiday-makers read it through the rose-coloured spectacles of optimism and dashed off care free. Low pressure over the Atlantic failed to damp the spirits of the throng!

ROUND THE RESORTS.

SUNSHINE IN "SAMPLES" AT THE SEASIDE. Reports from the leading holiday centres yesterday indicate that in most cases the clerk of the weather is doing much better, on the whole, than the pessimists feared. The South Coast, especially, being favoured with a full ration of first-rate sunshine. Showers in the north and west appear to have done little to damp the spirits of the holiday hunters.

OVERPROOF SPIRITS.

After all, as one fapper trilled, "manteau apparently containing a sentiment of jumpers sufficient in number to allow her a considerable number of changes every day," the Ministry are all wind, and we are aeroplanes, are we?

Started, the holiday rush went on a swing. Taxi-drivers were in demand in continuous games of "follow the leader" to the big termini and bustling gaily with submerged pockets numerous overcoats to find change and had hidden itself, while many an anxious passenger struggled mentally with the "overproof" holiday spirit, anxious to catch the train, and a "bob" to the trains at Paddington, Liverpool, Waterloo, and Charing Cross, filled half an hour before they were due to start, and many of them in triplicate. People were sitting on the corridors, on each other's knees, even playing "drop-bangers" in the luggage rack; anything as the train got away smoothly.

ROUND "LUNNON" TOWN.

At mid-day the hordes at the Zoo had swarmed the majority of the left-over across huns and were showing various signs of wanting to put up a "house full" boards, while to offer a monkey a nut was like tendering a shilling to a millionaire's valet. Mr. Monkey assured me there was absolutely nothing doing in the way of beating, a sentiment shared by most of the animals.

Holborn with its excavations, and mysterious battering hammers, aimed a lot of interest. Bus-rides through the City were very popular, and many an amateur shipper availed himself of the opportunity to take his family or would-be family on the



The King and his sons riding in Windsor Great Park yesterday.

SPEECH-MAKING AT 100.

UNIQUE CEREMONY.

CENTENARIAN LOVE OF KINEMA.

(From Our Own Correspondent.) Scarborough, Saturday. An event unique in the history of Scarborough took place in the Council Chamber of the Town Hall to-day, when Mr. George Lord Beecroft, an ex-mayor and magistrate, attained his 100th birthday. Mr. Beecroft, who was accompanied by his two granddaughters, walked into the crowded council chamber with the Mayoress (Mrs. George Whitfield), and took a keen interest in the proceedings. On behalf of the Mayor and Corporation, Alderman Sir Meredith Whitaker presented Mr. Beecroft with a framed illuminated copy of a resolution of congratulation; and on behalf of the magistrates presented him with an album containing a message of congratulation from the magistrates. In accepting the gifts the centenarian, who is possessed of his faculties to a remarkable degree, made two significant remarks.

GRAVE INCIDENTS IN ESSEN.

SIX GERMANS SHOT DEAD AND 30 WOUNDED.

While executing an order to requisition motor-cars at Krupps works, Essen, yesterday, a French detachment, composed of a lieutenant and ten men, was attacked by German workmen, who stoned the soldiers and threatened them with revolvers. They also attempted to turn jets of steam on them. In order to avoid being overwhelmed, the soldiers fired into the air, and after the customary warnings had been given fired into the crowd, six workmen being killed and about 30 wounded. A little later a motor-car driven by a soldier and containing two mine managers from the French devastated areas was stopped by the crowd who wounded the driver and smashed the car, while the two engineers were badly beaten, and in addition their watches, note cases and papers were stolen.

LIFE SACRIFICED BY BOY OF 15.

BRAVE EFFORT TO SAVE BABY FROM DANGER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.) Maidenhead, Saturday. The story of a boy's heroism was told at the Maidenhead coroner's court to-day.

Some children were at play in Brayrd, when a motor-van belonging to Webber, Ltd., Maidenhead, approached and the children scattered.

Seeing a pushcart containing a baby still in the road, Benjamin Arthur Tapscott (5), son of a railway porter, ran back to save the baby's life. Unfortunately the van struck him and he died a few minutes later in Maidenhead Hospital.

The coroner, in returning a verdict of "accidental death," spoke highly of the heroic effort of the little 5-year-old to save the baby at the expense of his own life.

Mr. Goss, manager to Webber's, expressed the firm's sympathy with the parents of the brave boy.

WOMAN'S ORDEAL.

100 ASPIRINS IN 10 DAYS TO EASE PAIN.

At a Hammersmith inquest, yesterday, on Helen Boulton, widow of an engineer, it was stated that she had been suffering from heart disease, rheumatism, cancer and ulcerated stomach for many years, and that to relieve her pain she had taken as many as 100 tablets of aspirin in 10 days. A doctor said that the normal dose of aspirin was six tablets a day, and as the woman was suffering from a weak heart she should not have taken aspirin tablets. A verdict of natural causes was returned.

STOLEN SAFE FOUND EMPTY.

The police have found the safe which was stolen from the Wandie Bridge sub-post office, Merton High-street, but nothing in it of any consequence. It was recovered near Croydon, and contained some documents of no value. The £300 which the thieves secured was not there. So far no arrests have been made, but the police have a clue which they hope will lead to the discovery of the thieves.

THE HANSON.

Is the hansom cab coming back? Yesterday about 20 hansom cabs took passengers into Victoria Station, and several were plying for hire in the Strand and Piccadilly.

PRINCE HENRY'S BIRTHDAY.

Prince Henry was 23 yesterday. He spent the day very quietly at Windsor. The gifts and congratulations were of a personal and private nature, being mostly from his parents and brothers.



Lord Carnarvon, who is now recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia and pleurisy, which followed blood poisoning developed after the opening of Tutankhamen's tomb.

THIRSTY INTRUDER.

A burglar who broke into Beaufort Lodge, Hounslow, yesterday, and stole articles worth £150, took with him several bottles of whisky and six boxes of cigars.

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BIG SURPLUS ON THE BUDGET.

OVER £100,000,000.

FLOATING DEBT DOWN BY £219,000,000.

There is a surplus to the good on the Budget this year of £101,515,848. The figures of the year's income and expenditure as shown by Treasury returns issued last night are:—

Expenditure £812,496,604
Receipts £914,012,452

Notable among the increases in revenue are the Telephone receipts, which have gone up by £3,050,000, the Corporation Profits Tax, which increased by £1,461,000, Motor Vehicle duties, which went up by £1,225,000, and Estate duties, which increased by £4,680,000. The Floating Debt has been decreased by £219,573,000.

Decreases are under the following heads:—Excise, £37,016,000; property and income tax, £19,842,000; excess profits duty, £28,448,000; customs, £7,009,000; and postal service, £5,850,000. What are called special receipts have decreased by £119,788,341.

WEDDING RING DEATH.

HOW LIGHTNING CAUSED A TRAGEDY.

During a thunderstorm at Sowerby Bridge, Yorks, a vivid flash of lightning struck the wedding ring of Mrs. Balls, who was dressing upstairs. The current travelled up her arm and ran down her side, causing paralysis. The woman collapsed and died in a few hours.

WHY ASQUITH REFUSED.

PARTY UNITY MUST COME CO-OPERATION.

Mr. Asquith's refusal to attend a luncheon with Mr. Lloyd George at the invitation of Leeds Liberal Federation was received in Leeds yesterday.

"I am much gratified by the cordial terms in which you have conveyed the invitation to be the guest at luncheon in company with Mr. Lloyd George. I observe you say that the invitation is not intended to provide another platform for public discussion of Liberal union."

"Under the circumstances I cannot help thinking that it might have been better to postpone any such function as you propose until the process of active public discussion of Liberal union is the best cement of Party unity."

"Let me add: I am in hearty sympathy with the objects you have in view but greatly regret that I am not able to accept the invitation."

CROOKED SPIRE.

Peals Forbidden in Famous Church Tower.

Following an inspection by Mr. W. A. Forsyth, the London expert, all change and peal ringing in the ancient church of All Saints, Chesterfield, Derbyshire, has been stopped.

Mr. Forsyth reports that the famous crooked spire has crept eight feet from its centre, that its back is broken, and that a N.E. gale may topple it over.

RICH WIDOW'S SUICIDE.

"POSSESSED OF A DEVIL."

TRAGIC LONELINESS.

GASSED IN FLAT.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Eastbourne, Saturday Night. A verdict of "suicide during temporary insanity" was returned at the inquest to-night on Norah O'Neill Smith (48), a wealthy and beautiful widow, who was found gassed in her flat in Terminus-rd., Eastbourne.

A story of a woman's terrible loneliness was revealed.

Mrs. Smith was the widow of Mr. Edward Henry Smith, of Wood House, Hurcott, Kidderminster, a director of the Hingley Ironworks, Netherton, and for ten years master of the Albrighton Woodland Hounds.

Mr. Smith died three years ago, leaving his wife a considerable sum. She was formerly a nurse. There were no children.

George Cyril Edwards, of Kidderminster, secretary of N. Hingley and Sons, Ltd., told the coroner he was executor of the late Mr. E. H. Smith. Since her husband's death Mrs. Smith had worried herself because she thought she had no means, whereas she was comfortably off.

PATHTIC LETTER.

On Monday he received a letter from her, in which she said:—

"Don't laugh. I am speaking quite seriously. Do you think it possible in these days for anyone to be possessed of a devil? I have an evil feeling—something suffocating, something indescribably evil—a sort of concentrated hate. I have felt it now some time."

"Awful feelings of loneliness come over me. One day I came back here and don't know what I did, except that I found myself walking about on the D.D. and don't know how I got there."

The coroner said that everything pointed to the woman's mind being unhinged by depression and loneliness. She could have afforded a servant or a companion, but seemed to prefer living alone.

Insp. Curtis said Mrs. Smith's bedroom was full of gas. Mrs. Smith was dead on the bed. She was dressed with the exception of her hat. Gas tubing was tied to the foot of the bedstead with a piece of ribbon. The end of the tubing was lying on the pillow by her side, and at the extreme end was attached to a supply of gas by the side of the fireplace.

Mrs. Smith had at the flat with her a parakeet, which she took with her everywhere, even when she was walking on the promenade. When Mrs. Smith's body was found, an open birdcage was found in the room, but there was no trace of the bird.

THE WALL STREET BOMB.

A man who is under conviction for murder is alleged to have confessed to a new paper that he designed the bomb which exploded in Wall Street, New York, in September, 1920, when 30 people were killed, says a Reuters message from Los Angeles. He is alleged to have stated that he thought the bomb was designed for another purpose.

Don't Wear a Truss!

After 30 Years' Experience an Appliance has been invented for Men, Women, and Children that cures Rupture. Sent on Trial.



Portrait photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. It ruptured twice to-day.

If you have tried most everything else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief where all others fail. Remember we use no salves, no harness, no ties. We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on the file in our office. Fill in the Free Coupon below and post to-day.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.
BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (1790E), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2.
Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your appliance for the cure of Rupture.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
Please write plainly.

HOTEL DEATH DRAMA.

MYSTERY WOMAN IDENTIFIED.

"MUST BE IN LOVE." STRANGE STORY.

The mystery of a good-looking woman, who fell from a dressing-room window of the Bonnington Hotel, Southampton-row, W.C., on Wednesday, was partially solved at the inquest in Holborn yesterday, when she was identified as Elizabeth Reid (32), of Nethsdale-drive, Strathbungo, Glasgow.

Miss Margaret A. Reid identified the body as that of her sister. Witness said her sister worked in a Glasgow office and lived with her. She last saw her alive on March 19, when she left for business as usual. The same afternoon witness received a letter from her sister without address or date, saying she was going away.

The letter was posted in Glasgow about 2 p.m. Witness was not alarmed, thinking her sister would only be away for the day, but she heard nothing more about her until March 28, when she read an account of the tragedy at the Bonnington Hotel, whereupon she communicated with the police.

"HIGHLY STRUNG." Witness arrived in London yesterday morning and identified the body. The wedding-ring upon the finger was that of her mother, now dead.

Witness could not explain her sister's death. She was never inclined to worry and had no anxieties. She was not engaged, and was not keeping company with any gentleman. She was, however, rather highly strung, but always bright.

Ethel Brown, reception clerk at the Bonnington Hotel, said Miss Reid arrived on March 20. She was only carrying a small case. She was given a room on the sixth floor. According to the book, Miss Reid did not register in the usual way, though witness sent her to the office to sign the book. She told witness her name was Mrs. Rowan.

A chambermaid said Miss Reid told her on March 22 that she was "doing business in the City."

Charles Hay, head waiter at the hotel, said Miss Reid came in to dinner on Tuesday night. She was very excited, and "only looked at her food." Her face was flushed, and she came in with a quick walk. She said, "Hello! If I tell you where I have been you will be disgusted." She repeated that three times, and then told him "I must be in love." He asked her several times where she had been, and after ten minutes said, "I have been to the Law Courts, and have been shocked at the evidence I have heard."

She was "one mass of nerves."

"RUNNING ABOUT ON BUSES." Witness added that Miss Reid was usually an exceptionally pleasant woman. She was very considerate, and on one occasion told him she was "doing a lot of running about on the top of buses."

Sidney Howe, night porter, said that about 2.10 a.m. on Wednesday, the lift bell rang from the sixth floor. He went up, and a visitor said that he had heard the breaking of glass, and he thought someone had thrown himself out of the window. A broken window was discovered, and immediately underneath in the basement they found the body of Miss Reid. It was fully clothed, with the exception of shoes.

P.C. Meager said he searched Miss Reid's room, but found no letters. There were several programmes of theatre performances. An attaché case with the name obliterated was found, and a purse containing 5d. There was no name on the clothing.

The inquest was adjourned for a week for further inquiries.

ROUND THE RESORTS.

(Continued from Page 1.)

SCARBOROUGH SCORES.

There was a further big influx of visitors at Scarborough yesterday and the town is busier than ever before for Easter holidays. A shower fell shortly after noon, and some change of weather is indicated.

THAMES-SIDE, TOO.

A good number of bungalow folk are spending Easter in their Thames-side summer residences, and spring cleaning operations are in full swing. This spring opens with a record number of bungalows along the more popular reaches from Staines to Sunbury, and London buses conveyed large numbers of people to "Thames-side town" yesterday.

A "FLING" IN FRANCE.

More than ten thousand English tourists landed at Calais and Boulogne yesterday to spend Easter in various parts of France.

An ice-cream barrow did a roaring trade in Folkestone yesterday. Most of the London theatres are giving Bank Holiday matinees.

Up to the present the crop of holiday accidents appears to be much below the average.

Omibus and tram will run "ram-ble" services out into the countryside just before the suburbs.

Special Bank Holiday programmes to meet all weather-emergency have been arranged at the Crystal Palace and the Alexandra Palace.

Details of an unusually full Bank Holiday sports programme for London, including four League football matches in the First Division, will be found in the sports pages.

London General Omnibus Company interpreters on duty in the metropolis yesterday reported an exceptionally brisk demand for their services from foreign visitors.

£400 DIAMOND ROBBERY.

JEWELLER SEES THIEF WALK OFF WITH RINGS.

The audacious theft of a trayful of diamond and other rings, valued at over £400, from a shop window in broad daylight, while the proprietor was at work in the shop, is now occupying the attention of the police.

Mr. Rombach, of Grange-rd., Bermondsey, was in his shop repairing watches behind a glass screen, when he heard his door bell tinkle, and on looking up, saw a man wearing a brown coat and trilby hat, just going out of the door.

This alarmed him, as he had heard no one come in, and on coming from behind his screen he was amazed to find a door of his window case wide open and a tray of valuable rings missing.

He ran to the door, and on inquiry from passers by, was told that a man who had just left was seen putting something into his coat pockets.

HOPE FOR POMROY?

AUTHORITIES TO CONSIDER NEW STATEMENT.

Special to "The People." The fate of Bernard Pomroy, the young Hemel Hempstead ex-soldier, sentenced to death for the murder of his sweetheart, Alice Cheshire, the pretty Boxmoorgill, is still hanging in the balance.

His story of the taxicab tragedy as narrated exclusively in "The People" last week, has been brought to the notice of the authorities who have promised to give the case earnest and sympathetic consideration.

Failing a reprieve, Pomroy is to be executed in Pentonville Prison on Thursday, and naturally the anxiety of his parents and other relatives is increasing as the day draws nearer.

Mr. Harold Pomroy, a brother of the condemned man, saw him at Pentonville yesterday.

Discussing the interview with me later, Mr. Pomroy declared that the efforts which are being made to save his brother from the extreme penalty will not be relaxed so long as there is the slightest hope of success.

THE BURGLARS' EASTER

NOISY THIEF WHO PLAYED WITH GELIGNITE.

A burglar broke into the offices of a Glasgow chemical firm yesterday and started operations on the safe with gelignite. He was responsible for a tremendous explosion. Such was the noise that two policemen in the street feared that a catastrophe had occurred. Many windows were smashed and the offices were entirely wrecked.

The door of the safe was blown open and thrown up against the ceiling with such force as to leave a clear impression of the maker's name on the ceiling, while the handle of the door was deeply embedded in the roof.

A young man who was found when the building was searched was taken into custody.

The hungry individual who has invaded at least five houses in Epping and eaten all the cooked food he could find, has transferred his activities to Loughton.

He has already paid a nocturnal visit to several residences, and still retains his relish for cooked eatables. Finding none, he does his own cooking. Lord Glanely's residence near Chippenham has again been ransacked by burglars. They were evidently after money, for silver articles were left untouched, but gold medallions and trophies won by Lord Glanely's horses were taken.

A BOXER'S ACQUITTAL.

Successful Defence to a Burglary Charge.

Pleading that he was engaged at the Ring in Blackfriars-rd., and that he was in bed at midnight, Cecil Bronstein (21), a young boxer, of Maury-rd., Clapton, was yesterday acquitted at North London court of a charge of burglary at the premises of Morris Cohen, a tobacconist, of 79, Stoke Newington-rd., from which place 2,000 cigarettes were stolen.

After the burglary a post-card, addressed to accused, was found in the shop, and upon arrest the next night accused denied all knowledge of the burglary, although he admitted that the post-card was his.

The magistrate, in discharging accused, said that many accidents might account for the post-card being found in the shop.

A PREY TO "BLUE DEVILS."

That he "saw blue devils" and imagined himself to be rowing in the boat race were delusions said to have been entertained by Thomas Dugan, aged 43, on whom an inquest was held at Stepney. The man was seen to throw himself into the Thames and died in hospital later from pneumonia.

He was stated to be suffering from delirium tremens when he threw himself in the water. "Suicide while of unsound mind" was the verdict.

HEAD IN BOX.

About a week ago Arthur P. Apps, labourer, of Primrose-gardens, Northwood, took a flat over a shop at Acton Vale, and stated that he was going to furnish it with view to marriage.

On Friday he was found lying in the flat dead from gas poisoning with his head in a box. The inquest will be held to-morrow.

HIS SUDDEN INSPIRATION.

"I have been a fool. I don't know what made me do it. I had a sudden inspiration."

This statement was made on his arrest by George Page (30), a dealer, address refused, who at Bow-st. Court yesterday was remanded in custody charged with stealing from outside a West End hotel a motor car, value £550, belonging to Mr. C. L. Ward, a motor dealer, of Brook-st.



THE NEW PIED PIPER.

CLEANING-UP LONDON.

POLICE CAMPAIGN SURPRISES.

LIST OF WOMEN.

SOCIETY HABITUES.

(Special to "The People.")

The first blow in a carefully-planned police campaign against the organised vice of London was struck the other day when eight houses and two night clubs, suspected as being used for improper purposes or, in some instances, as gambling dens, were visited by strong, picked forces from a special department of Scotland Yard.

I happened to be in the vicinity of one of the establishments when the raid took place, and I learn that among the half-hundred names and addresses of men and women taken by the police were those of individuals prominent in political and social circles.

Even more astounding was the presence of women, both married and single, whose names, prominent in society, have hitherto been untouched by the breath of scandal.

The houses raided were in the St. Pancras and St. John's Wood areas and in the West-End.

Suspicion had been directed to certain addresses by the complaints of neighbours, who had been disturbed by sounds of all-night revelry, and by the frequent coming and going of taxicabs. These suspicions were confirmed by the exposures of relatives of some of the habitués, who in many cases have been subject to extortionate blackmail.

"CATERING" METHODS.

Careful plans were made by the police, who descended on the suspected haunts between midnight and 3 a.m., using motor-cars which had the appearance of private vehicles in order to draw as little attention as possible.

Extraordinary catering methods characterized the conduct of some of the establishments by those who ran them for the sake of high money profits they returned.

Lists of names of both men and women were kept, these lists being amplified by descriptive biographical sketches, and notes recording their particular tastes or fancies for types of the opposite sex.

Perhaps the most amazing feature of the discoveries relates to the large number of apparently respectable and well-to-do women, both married and single, who have been paying considerable sums of money for introductions to men in whose company they have stayed for a night and sometimes for two or three days and nights.

BLACKMAILED WOMEN.

Blackmail has been the outcome in several instances, and evidence has only been forthcoming by reason of the fact that in three separate instances women found themselves desperately pressed by the men into whose clutches they had fallen, that they had recourse to friends, who helped them out of their difficulties, and to prosecutions for blackmail only held back for family reasons.

Very remarkable evidence is believed to be held in connection with this frequent practice of blackmail upon the habitués. In one case a man, known well in business circles, has had much unhappiness owing to the frequent disappearances of his wife.

She had been introduced by a West End hotel acquaintance to a house, and there formed a liaison with a man, said to be an actor by profession, who, discovering her identity, blackmailed her very heavily before she confessed to her husband.

In another instance, a well-known man, who had several times visited one of the West End houses, foolishly left in the hallway a walking-stick which had his name and address inscribed on a gold band. Threatened disclosures to his wife caused him to part with considerable sums of money.

The swift descent of the raiding force was responsible for many painful and

dramatic scenes. The officers, who first of all placed a guard at the front and back exits, had no difficulty in getting immediate entrance to the premises, and lost no time in visiting the various occupied apartments and interviewing the occupants, who were given opportunities to reasonably attire themselves.

With the exception of half a dozen women who were known to the police as the type of fashionable demi-monde, the women found on the raided premises gave private addresses, chiefly in the suburbs.

NEW PLAYS.

SPLENDID ACTING IN BRIGHT SERIES.

The problem of intermarriage between Christian and Jew is discussed in Roy Horniman's "Love in Pawn," produced at the Kingsway with a convincing directness. A will has been left, in which one of the people is to be the possessor of a fortune. Samuel Levy's partner decreed that if his daughter refused to marry Sam she would be the loser.

Lilian Lattrell, however, accepted the Jew's offer of marriage. The young man attracted her, and it is not easy to forego £200,000. Sam, on his part, has no affection to give.

Then comes the difference of race. A visit to Sam's relations opened Lilian's eyes to the impossibility of their marriage, and Sam discovers that he has not lived down his love for his cousin Rachel. The end is the only one—Jew marries Jew, and Christian mates with Christian.

Arthur Wontner as the young Jew acted with remarkable restraint and sense of character, and Doris Lloyd, as Lilian, once more proved her capacity. There is a suggestion of strength behind all she does that few young actresses possess.

The piece was well received, and should be seen by all who appreciate an interesting, well-written and well-acted play.

"Isabel, Edward and Anne."—Gertrude Jennings at her best is an amusing and attractive dramatist. In "Isabel, Edward and Anne," produced with great success last night at the Haymarket, she is at her brightest.

The trio of the title are wife, husband, and daughter; the first all sweetness and understanding, the second all pomposity and convention, and the last sweet and twenty, and in love with a penniless artist.

When it is understood that the mother of the penniless artist is the sewing woman employed by Isabel Carew, it is not difficult to realize that the course of love does not run smoothly for the young people.

Before the happy ending occurs there are some delicious scenes which kept the house in constant laughter.

The acting success went to Athene Seyler, who, as Mrs. Buckett, the sewing woman, gave a clever performance. Allen Ayresworth, Lilian Braithwaite, and Margaret Bannerman were the two of the title, and, like the author, were seen at their best.

The Chelsea "Polly."—Another "Polly" is in the field. She appeared last night at the Chelsea Palace, and was cordially received. Whether London has room for two "Pollys," as well as "The Beggar's Opera," remains to be seen. At any rate, it will not be the fault of the company if this latest production of Gay's opera is not a success.

A very efficient cast has been engaged, and the singing is on a very high level. Foster Richardson plays Morano, and in addition to singing remarkably well, makes the pirate, Macbeth, an unscrupulous adventurer. The Mr. Duval of Alfred Clarke will be vastly amusing when he gets into his stride, and Laurence Phillips makes the Indian Prince a romantic figure.

As for the new Polly, Winifred O'Connor makes her a very attractive person. Miss O'Connor has a charming voice which she uses with perfect art.

CLOUDS OVER INDUSTRY.

BUILDING TRADE LOCK-OUT.

MOVE BY MINISTRY.

FARMERS' THREAT.

Serious disputes are in progress in two great industries.

Unless the Ministry of Labour can promote further negotiations between masters and men, 480,000 building operatives will be locked out on April 14.

The Norfolk farm workers' strike shows no sign of settlement, and there is danger of the trouble spreading.

The position of the two sides in the building dispute is:—

Employers demand an extension of hours from 44 to 47 during the summer months, and an all-round wage cut of 20 per cent. They are willing to submit the whole issue to arbitration.

Employees are willing to submit wage issue to arbitration, but say they cannot allow arbitration on "so important a social reform" as the shorter working week.

The Ministry of Labour will probably convene a joint conference this week with a view to the re-opening of negotiations.

"READY FOR LONG FIGHT."

Mr. J. F. Wright, secretary of the Norfolk Farmers' Union, yesterday declared that the farmers were ready for a long fight, and were prepared to forego any root crops and go in for the cultivation of cereals instead.

The effect of this would be phenomenal unemployment on the countryside next winter. One-third of the 10,000 labourers now on strike would find themselves out of a job, as no roots would be grown.

Eighty thousand store cattle usually come into Norfolk in the autumn for winter grazing, but as no roots would be grown those cattle would not be wanted.

A number of unemployed, who had been given relief work in the stone pits at Weymouth yesterday, went on strike in sympathy with the labourers.

A party of labourers from South Norfolk marched into Norwich, which was thronged as usual on market day. They carried a red flag and gave performances on accordion and concertina.

Two farmers' sons from Chesham, Bucks, who are helping on a Norfolk farm, claim by moral suasion to have persuaded 30 strikers to return to work.

A VERSATILE GIRL.

A picturesque figure is Miss Irene Ford (16), of Burton's Farm, Chesham. She is busy helping a farmer in the Wymondham district.

The daughter of a gentleman farmer, she is an expert horsewoman, having her own riding school. She may be seen in breeches and riding boots at the tail of a two-horse plough, and can turn her hand to drilling, milking and all kinds of farm work.

The national emergency committee of the Agricultural Workers' Union met in Norwich yesterday and reviewed the situation. They adjourned until to-morrow. It was decided to allow a shilling per week to each child of the labourers on strike and to increase strike benefit.

The Essex District Council of the Agricultural Labourers' Union has opened a county fund to assist the women and children dependent upon the farm workers now out on strike in Norfolk.

In the southern part of Cambridgeshire, including all that part outside the Isle of Ely, the farmers have made the demand originally put forward in Norfolk—5d. an hour for a 54-hour week.

The Conciliation Committee has failed to reach an agreement, and its notices expire this week-end.

SOUTHEAST 'BUS STRIKE OFF.

Anxious rumours that at the busy holiday time South-east-on-Sea and district would be "let in" for a bus strike have been dispelled following a midnight meeting of men and the persuasion of Councillor Hart, West Ham, and Mr. E. H. Rawden, of the Transport and General Workers' Union.

The men, recently faced with a 5s. cut in wages, are now claiming a 4s. 6d. week. They state that the waters put in 92 hours in alternate weeks.

Negotiations will be resumed after the holidays.

COUPLE'S ALL-NIGHT DRIVE.

At Marylebone court yesterday Mr. Cancellor gave a cabman judgment against Arthur Smith, of Lonsdale-mansions, Maida Vale, for the recovery of a fare of 50s. for driving him and a woman from 10.30 at night until half-past five the next morning.

LONDON BREVITIES.

The death has occurred, after an operation in London, of Mr. Claude Hollins, senior partner of Messrs. Wm. Hollins and Co., of Nottingham and London. Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" will be given with full orchestra to-day at 6.30 p.m. at St. Clement Danes Church, Strand.

A cyclist named E. Cambridge (17), of Putney, was flung under a passing omnibus through colliding with a pedestrian and killed.

The general district rate for the coming half-year to be submitted to the Tottenham Urban District Council is 3s. 3d. in the pound.

Owing to loss of voice the Bishop of London will be unable to preach at St. Paul's this evening. His place will be taken by the Rev. F. T. E. Clayton, Vicar of All Hallows Barking, E.C.

Yesterday two lads were crossing the river at Millwall when the boat capsized. One of the lads was rescued just in time, but the other, Arthur William Steel, of Greenwich, was drowned.

Music in the Parks.—The band of the Coldstream Guards will play in Hyde Park this afternoon from 3 to 5 p.m., and that of the Welch Guards in Green Park during the same hours.

PRIMATE "REPRIEVED"

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT FOR FRAIL OLD MAN.

After protests from all parts of the world, Archbishop Cielplak, Primate of the Roman Catholic Church in Poland, who was sentenced to death in 1918 on charges of treason against the Soviet, has been "reprieved" again. The death penalty has been commuted to solitary confinement for years. The Archbishop is an old man.

The All-Russian Executive Committee declares that the death sentence in the case of Mgr. Budkevich, Vicar-General, will be carried out.

FREE PATTERNS

JUMPER

JUMPER-BLOUSE

LADY'S COMPANION

OVER DRESS

THREE-PIECE

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JEKYLL AND HYDE WHO GOT UP TREASURE TRIP.

GAOL FOR AUTHOR OF "CROWN JEWELS IN HANDS OF SHEIK" STORY.

An amazing story of a quest for Russian Crown Jewels, said to be in the hands of an Arab sheik, had a sequel at Oxford (Surrey) Police Court, when George Frederick Graham Parry, a well-educated man of middle-age, was sent to prison for ten months on three charges of obtaining money by false pretences. With this case is brought to light the life story of a remarkable adventurer.

(By Our Special Commissioner).

"WANTED.—A strong English Sahib, of an Elizabethan turn of mind, to form one of a party to go to Morocco to recover Russian Crown Jewels in the hands of an Arab sheik."

This is one of the many baits spread broadcast in the newspapers by G. F. Graham Parry.

Parry is a handsome man, of good family, hailing from Cheltenham, where he was educated, his grandfather having been one of the founders of the educational college in Cheltenham. For quite a long time the man had been under police supervision, but his methods were wary, and in several cases his victims were unwilling to testify against him.

Parry has an unusually silvery voice; also he is a splendid linguist. Added to this his countenance is open and frank, disarming suspicion—an important asset for the man who sets out to exploit his fellow creatures—both male and female, and particularly the latter. For although he is a wife hunter in the Westbourne neighbourhood, and who supports his one daughter, a girl about 12, Parry has not contributed a penny towards her support for years.

POSED AS A WIDOWER.

This man is an accomplished Spanish scholar—a fact he often turned to advantage. He called himself a journalist, but rarely wrote anything but advertising advertisements redolent of cold and fiction. Before the war he preyed chiefly upon his relatives, but the coming of Armageddon gave a fresh and more active turn to his activities.

For a short time he held a commission, being a lieutenant in the Middlesex Regiment. After a few months he got his discharge for ill-health. He then deserted his wife, and posing as a widower, took full advantage of the wave of sympathy passing over the country for disabled ex-officers. He inserted dozens of advertisements all couched in the same tone: "Ex-officer, widower, with one child, discharged from Army through ill-health caused by war services, urgently needs home and help for little daughter. Has opportunity of proceeding to Spain where help can be obtained." Money rained in and many offers from kindly folk to take the child.

Some he entangled with his plan to discover "buried treasure in an old castle in Spain," and raised a good deal of money.

After a journey to India and Portugal—he wrote a book on the latter country with a well-known lady in collaboration—he obtained a good billet in the Midlands at an alien internment camp. He was over-seer-superintendent.

Using the cover of the Government, he got into touch with a man and proposed him that he could grant him a licence "from the Government" to set up a canteen in the camp. The consideration was to be £100, and the deal was almost completed when the War Office heard of it and nipped it in the bud.

Parry absconded, being about £120 short in his accounts, and indebted to wine-merchants, etc., whom he had induced to supply him with liquor.

FOUND POST ABROAD.

He then wandered to Newport (Mon) in company with a young woman whom he had induced to live with him as his wife. After moving from place to place, the girl was induced to return to her home, and gave birth to a child in a nursing home. For this child Parry has done nothing. On the contrary, he seduced the mother for another black piece of treachery.

She had passed as his wife, and some of her friends were anxious to help her husband. His knowledge of Spanish was useful, a City gentleman, for the wife's sake, found him a responsible man in Spain. He was supplied with funds for the journey. He started off full of pretensions of a "new life." A few days later the girl was distressed and found him on the doorstep again, all the money spent, and with a paltry story that he had been "robbed."

Parry was topical—always ready to exploit the latest idea. One of his most brilliant schemes, from his point of view, was worked immediately after the conviction of Bottomley.

Knowing the sympathy felt by many for the fallen idol, he got into touch with certain people and suggested that he was able to introduce champagne into Wormwood Scrubs for Bottomley—of course, an absolute invention. So plausibly did he play upon the idea that quite a number of people gave their contributions to the "Bottomley Champagne Fund"—one person, indeed, contributing £50. Certainly some champagne was bought, and consumed by Parry, while the unfortunate wine-seller never saw his money.

After this he lay low for a time. Then pressed by the need for money he set

about two schemes, both designed to dazzle the imagination and rouse the cupidity.

"JEWELS IN MOROCCO."

The first related to the supposed haul of crown jewels alleged to be held in Morocco by an Arab sheik. There were gems of "inestimable value," necklaces, etc., and the men who offered themselves for the task must be of "an Elizabethan turn of mind," hardy in body, and supply unimpeachable references.

Several fish rose to the bait, and from the most credulous he extracted £10 for "passport, etc., expenses." One, however, more cautious, communicated with the police, and a trap was laid for "Captain Ramus," as he called himself.

A letter was sent for him to the Valley Hotel, Caterham, Surrey. In due course "Captain Ramus" arrived, and the next morning was arrested in his bedroom. Upon him was found a list of people who had risen to the Crown Jewels lure—the unfavourable ones being marked with a significant "N.G."

Side by side with this fraud he was running another. He posed as the owner of "the recently purchased Government yacht, Nellie," and wished to get into touch with people who would take part on her for Mediterranean tours. Those who responded were in due course "touched" for "money for guarantee of bona-fides."

RIDDLE OF LOST MAN.

LETTER AND VALUABLES SENT THROUGH POST.

The mystery surrounding the disappearance from his home, Orchard Cottage, Forest, Harlow, Essex, of Mr. Francis John Smith, an Income Tax collector in the Stratford district, has been added to by the receipt by different people of a packet containing valuables and a letter, posted apparently by the missing man from York and Scarborough.

A week ago Mr. Smith reported to the police in his locality the destruction of certain papers in a fire which occurred in his house. He has not been seen by his friends since.

A few days later his cousin, Mr. G. Seymour, who lives at Harlow, received a packet, bearing the Scarborough postmark, containing the missing man's watch and chain, enclosed with a letter, the contents of which were of a rambling nature.

The same day a letter, bearing the York postmark, was received by Mr. J. Jenkins, an official at the local Labour Exchange, whom the missing collector had recently assisted in his work.

There is no suggestion whatever that the missing man's official accounts have not been kept strictly in order. The day before he disappeared he paid money into the bank as usual.

Mr. Smith, a bachelor, was the owner of his own house and other property in the district. He lived by himself and was much respected, having interested himself greatly in local affairs. He is described as being 42 years of age, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, medium build, ginger hair and moustache, wore gold-rim spectacles, and had a curious walk as though he were always in a hurry.

TRAVELLERS' MINIMUM WAGE.

The annual conference of the National Union of Commercial Travellers, held yesterday at the Manchester Hotel, Aldersgate, E.C., expressed the opinion that the minimum wage for travellers should be £5 per week, plus expenses.

HUMAN DRAMAS: YESTERDAY'S SIDELIGHTS FROM THE POLICE COURTS.

His Nationality.—"Are you a foreigner?" asked the chairman at Willenden, a prisoner. "Indeed not, sir; I'm an Irishman from Lisson Grove."

In Name Only.—A deserted wife at Willenden handed in a letter from her husband, which ended: "So take notice that I remain to you 'husband in name only.'"

Spirited Away.—"I was enticed by some strange persons who took me in a motor car and gave me a drink on the way," pleaded Annie Fulcher, of Paddington, who at Willenden, after previous convictions, was fined 20s. for drunkenness.

In the Lion's Den.—Stating to have walked into Wandsworth police station, and demanded to be locked up, a homeless man, Thomas Coyle (64) was too drunk to go to his cell, and with the result that his wish was gratified and he was placed in the cell. At Stratford he was fined 10s.

No Home and No Friends.—"I have tried to drink myself but I have no home and no friends," this statement was made to the chairman by Frederick William Woolpert (24), who, at the Mansion House, was remanded, charged with walking into the Thames from the steps at Blackfriars Bridge with intent to commit suicide.

One Over the Eight.—"I had one over the eight," sorrowfully confessed a man charged at Lambeth—Magistrate Mr. (Roth): What is your usual allowance?—Accused: I can always stand half-a-dozen. Magistrate: If you had eaten half-a-dozen bugs you would probably have been in the doctor's hands, but you couldn't have been here charged with being drunk. Pay 5s., please.

Kissing Time.—"When I requested her to go away she wanted to kiss me," said a constable of Alice Marriott (43), a servant, charged at Lambeth with drunkenness at the Elephant and Castle. Mr. (Roth) to accused: Why did you want to kiss the police officer? Drink makes you very affectionate—it doesn't suit you.

Are you a married man, officer? asked the magistrate. Constable (smiling): Yes, sir.—A fine of 2s. 6d. was imposed.



A SPLENDID WATER COLOUR STUDY OF THE DIVINE SARAH.

TWO SUICIDES IN AN HOUR.

TRAGIC STORY OF HAPPY COUPLE.

A particularly sad story was told at the double inquest at Stepney yesterday on David Isaac Trayling, a plasterer, aged 52, and his wife, Minnie Trayling, aged 41, of Wickford st., Mile End.

George William Trayling, a son, said that his mother suffered from nervous trouble and insomnia. A week ago she was taken to the infirmary, after an attempt to commit suicide.

Her husband obtained her discharge, and the same evening took her for a long walk.

His mother then went to bed, and his father laid down to sleep on the sofa to watch her. About 3.40 a.m. his father called him, and witness found his mother dead, she having tied a handkerchief round her neck and fastened it to a chair.

In reply to the coroner, witness said there was insanity in his mother's family. His father was very fond of his wife.

Witness went on to say that at about five o'clock he went out of the house for about fifteen minutes. When he returned he found his father lying on the sofa with a wound in his throat and apparently dead.

The coroner said the husband had tried to tie his wife and make her sleep. Instead, he slept himself, and awoke to find that she had strangled herself. Then, in his distressed condition, the husband cut his own throat.

The jury returned a verdict in each case of "Suicide while of unsound mind."

TIMELY RESCUE.

Hearing moans coming from the shore at Southend, two boys ran to the beach and found a woman lying at the water's edge, and carried her to safety.

She was Mrs. Martha Woods, of Coronation Buildings, South Lambeth. All she can recollect is that she suddenly became dazed when walking along the beach.

LISTENING-IN.—CHARGED AT WILLENDEN WITH DRUNKENNESS, A WOMAN WAS STATED TO HAVE CLUNG TO AN ELECTRIC LIGHT STANDARD, AND DECLARED THAT SHE WAS "LISTENING-IN."

Courts on Monday.—Despite a large influx of visitors to the district there were no charges at either the borough or county police courts at Kingston.

Blaming the Sun.—"It was all a hot cross bun, and as soon as I went out I managed to get locked up," said George Larkin, who at Stratford was fined 10s. for abusing a Walthamstow shopkeeper.

Placing the Pauntickets.—Twenty-eight pauntickets were stated to have been hidden under the coats of Marie Haymer, a housekeeper, of Balcombe-st., Dorset-sq., who, at Marylebone, was sentenced to six months hard labour for stealing jewellery, value £220, belonging to guests staying at hotels at Baywater, where she had obtained situations by false references.

Protecting the Police.—"The police must be protected," said the Acting magistrate in sentencing Edward Langton (51), a labourer, to a month's imprisonment for assaulting P.S. Rance, and being drunk at Osborne-rd.—Accused, it was alleged, tried to kick the officer and throw away his whistle when the sergeant was about to blow for assistance. Eventually, after being struck several times, the sergeant released the accused, who was afterwards arrested on a warrant.

Turning-out Time.—Sentences of a month and 14 days' imprisonment respectively were passed at the Mansion House on Thos. Elliott and Alfred Carpenter, two young men, charged with assaulting P.S. Rance, and being drunk at Osborne-rd.—Accused, it was alleged, tried to kick the officer and throw away his whistle when the sergeant was about to blow for assistance. Eventually, after being struck several times, the sergeant released the accused, who was afterwards arrested on a warrant.

Escaped Lunatic's Fate.—Frederick Cooper (33), of Market Harborough, was found dead yesterday in the River Soar, at Enderby, Leicester. Cooper was an inmate at the county lunatic asylum at Narborough, and escaped some six weeks ago.

PRINCESS AND HORSE SHOW.

Princess Mary will visit the Hackney Horse Society's Show at Doncaster on Tuesday. After watching the judging from the Royal box she will present some of the prizes.

THE LAST INTERVIEW WITH SARAH BERNHARDT.

HER ONE GREAT DREAD THAT SHE WOULD BE FORGOTTEN.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, the Queen of Tragediennes, died in Paris at the age of 78.

Below, the Paris Correspondent of "The People" describes the last interview given to the Press by the "Divine Sarah" before she passed away.

(From Our Paris Correspondent.)

"There is one great dread that overshadows my life," admitted the great tragedienne, when I was ushered into her presence for what proved to be the last interview given to a newspaper correspondent.

"It is the dread of being forgotten, the dread that when I have passed off the stage for ever the people who have applauded me so generously in life will forget me and my art, and that history will have no verdict to pass on my association with the art that has been my ruling passion in life."

"I have been blamed for taking up film work," she went on, "but it was under the influence of this dread that I did so."

"I am feminine enough to want to achieve fame far beyond my capacity for bridging space and time, and want to feel that even when the physical entity you call the Divine Sarah has passed the art of the artist will be presented in the remotest corners of the earth, and that even the North American Indians will be able to see for themselves what was the art I was identified with."

Speaking of the theatre-going public as taskmasters, Mme. Bernhardt said: "They are, indeed, terrible taskmasters for us. When one pleases they are generous with their praise, and there is nothing finer in the world than to be a popular stage favourite, but at the same time I would say there is nothing more terrible than to be one who has offended the public. I have had both experiences and I know."

"It is not that the public have made noisy protests against my acting. The most terrible criticism does not come to the sensitive artist in that way."

DESPAIRING MOMENTS.

"It is that I have felt instinctively that my audience and I were out of sympathy, that they were criticising my acting, and the fear was great in me that I was losing my hold, my power to play with their emotions as the artist plays on the strings of his priceless instrument."

"More than once such moments have come to me, and under their influence I have gone off the stage despairing of ultimate success as an actress, or, at least, despairing of my ability to hold my audience. Perhaps that was just stage fright, but I can tell you it was a real experience."

On the subject of the present position of the stage Mme. Bernhardt had divided views.

"I do not agree with those who say that the stage is deteriorating," she declared with emphasis. "At the same time, I am not with those who think that all is well and there is no need for improvement. I deplore the tendency to put on plays just for the purpose of providing a part for some lady who has pleased a man of wealth without real taste and without real concern for the stage and its traditions."

"The man or woman of real genius has a better chance than before of coming to the fore in the profession, and the public are quick to see new possibilities and give encouragement to those who have talent."

Even the despised cinema is going to help the profession, because though it attracts a new type of acting, it also makes possible the appeal to a wider range of audiences, and thus makes it easier for the big syndicates to employ the best artists without fear of financial loss. "In the cinema there are times when it is hard to get the best expression of your own art, because one feels that the whole thing is mechanical."

30-YEAR-OLD COFFIN.

NEARLY A MILLION PEOPLE SEE THE FUNERAL.

It is estimated that nearly a million people witnessed the funeral in Paris of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. The cortege included about 50 carriages and was nearly three-quarters of a mile long.

The coffin was removed at 8 a.m. to the Church of St. Francois de Sales, and placed in a chapel. The porch of the church was draped with hangings bearing the initials "S. B." and the whole of the interior was draped in black.

The coffin was borne from the church by actors from the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre.

Among the wreaths was one of violets and carnations, from the City of Paris. It was 12 ft. in diameter, and five men were needed to carry it.

A number of wreaths were sent by London theatrical celebrities.

Madame Bernhardt's coffin of rosewood, lined with satin, was made for her 30 years ago. She kept it in her bedchamber, and took it with her when she went on a journey of any distance. Madame Bernhardt was once photographed while alive in the coffin, her head resting on a white satin pillow and her hands clasped as if in death.



Jumping for Joy

Here's happiness for you!

These three frisky youngsters simply bubble over with activity and light-hearted jollity. Their happiness never fails them, for it comes from within—its basis is robust health.

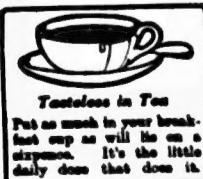
You, too, can be healthy and vigorous, joyous and care-free—if you only know the way. It's all a question of keeping the blood-stream clear.

If your blood-stream is not clear, it is because your internal organs are not working as they should. Your liver and kidneys have lost much of their activity, with the result that impurities are beginning to collect in the body.

Hence come headaches, tiredness, depression, lack of interest in work and play.

You need Kruschen Salts to cleanse the blood-stream and remove every impurity from the body. As much as will lie on a spoon, taken every morning in your breakfast cup of tea, effectively clears your system of the poisonous waste matter that is robbing you of energy and sends new, refreshed blood coursing through your veins. Headaches, lassitude, all the little ailments that worry you now quickly disappear. You feel younger, healthier, better able to enjoy all the good things of life.

There are over five million jolly Kruschen Optimists. Begin the Habit of Health at once and you will soon be one of them. Get a bottle to-morrow and start a new existence.



Kruschen Salts

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

A 1s. 6d. bottle of Kruschen Salts contains as much as will lie on a spoon, taken 50 times—enough for three months—gives you good health for less than a farthing a day. The dose prescribed for a bottle to-morrow.

A GUARANTEED CURE.
"GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT"
Possesses such remarkable penetrative and curative powers that it never fails to cure all cases—however serious or long standing—of
Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, etc.
"Grasshopper" ointment is the only one that brings the disease to the surface and heals from underneath.
50 HOUSEHOLD SHOULD BE WITHOUT A BOX
For 1/6 in bottles of 1/2 lb. and 1 lb. each. Price 1/6 per box, smaller size 1/2 lb. and 1 lb. each.
(Trade R.P.), 25, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

AMUSEMENTS

The official opening of the New James Picture Theatre in Buckingham Palace-rd., of which the Hon. Edward Lascelles is a director, will take place at 9 p.m. on April 1, before a distinguished audience. The film chosen for the occasion is the Gaumont production of "Rob Roy," which was released in London on that date.

will be rendered by the Langhain Choral and Orchestral Society on April 11, when the Quatuor vocali will add to the soloists; conductor, Mr. H. Marlsen.

There will be no concert in the Royal Albert Hall to-day.

The last London Symphony Orchestra concert of the present season takes place in the Queen's Hall on April 11. The programme will be identical with that conducted by Dr. Hans Richter at the first concert of the orchestra in 1904.

Mr. Roland Hayes, the gifted West African tenor, is giving his only solo recital of the season on April 10, in Wigmore Hall.

A violin and piano recital is being given on the 9th by Andreina and Giuseppina Paganini, who are direct descendants of the great violin virtuoso, Niccolò Paganini.

Native Tributes.—Gene Gerrard is telling a story of how when he was serving his country in Italy he appeared at a concert which was being given to the native population, and when he saw "Tipperary" to them some 200 children stood up respectfully all the time laboring under the impression that it was the National Anthem! Not quite so in another war-time story I heard of a popular actor who in a certain part of his act gave a comic recitation, and

will be rendered by the Langhathi Chorale and Orchestral Society on April 11, in the Queen's Hall. Edna Thornton, Mr. W. Temple, and Mr. R. Barry, of the soloists; conductor, Mr. H. Marlesyn.

There will be no concert in the Royal Albert Hall to-day.

The last London Symphony Orchestra concert of the present season takes place in the Queen's Hall on April 23. The programme will be identical with that conducted by Dr. Hans Richter at the first concert of the orchestra in 1904.

Mr. Roland Hayes, the gifted West African tenor, is giving his only solo recital of the season on April 10, in the more Hall.

A violin and piano recital is being given by Andreina and Giuseppina Paganini in the Wigmore Hall, W. on April 9. They are direct descendants of the violin virtuoso, Nicolo Paganini.

The Wolverhampton Musical Society will give concerts in the Queen's Hall, W. next Saturday afternoon and evening. This is the first visit to London of the well-known organisation, and it is pleasing to note that the programmes are mainly devoted to British music.

Sir E. Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" will be rendered by the Langham Choral and Orchestral Society on April 11, at the Queen's Hall, M. Edna Thorpe, Mrs. W. Temple, and Mr. R. Barry of the soloists; conductor, Mr. H. Marley.

There will be no concert in the Royal Albert Hall to-day.

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**CONTINUOUS ENTERTAINMENT IN THE PALACE
FROM 10 A.M.**

**Street, Concert Party, Minstrels, Vaude-
ville, Sporting Club, Ball Room, etc.**

SEVENTH FIVE CENTS.

**Admission to Ground & Palace, 2- (tax included)
CHILDREN HALF-PRICE.**

Return tickets at single fare from King's
Cross, Liverpool Street, Bedford, Barnet,
Cuffey, Stratford, Waltham, etc. Inter-
mediate stations, back to Alexandra Palace,
Wood Green, G.R. Palace Gates. Numerous

(Conducted by MIMI.)

A shape strongly reminiscent of the old-fashioned "poke-bonnet" is much liked. It is generally of satin and trimmed on one edge of the brim either with a bunch of feathers or flowers, some of which curl beneath the brim. A beautiful hat I saw last week was of a new millinery fabric—a thick sort of crepe—the whole of the under brim being lined with softly curling ostrich feather trimmings.

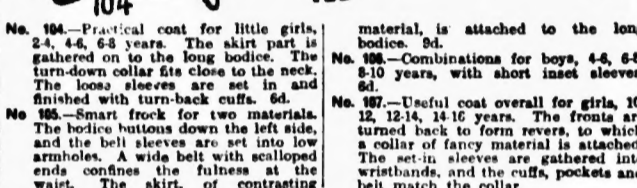
Beading a mosaic effect on black is a new idea, which will prove popular; and the handkerchief collar idea, which was started last summer in France, has crossed the Channel and is already being exploited by our young maidens, whether they be going away for a country week-end or merely taking the usual "bus journey" to their City office. Small handkerchiefs are also attached to the bracelet of the wrist-watch. Why, I have seen the slightest hint, but then they are, in fragile squares of printed linen or georgette, put a-dangling from their wearers' wrists.

TO CLEAN BLACK WALNUT FURNITURE.—The finest thing for cleaning black walnut furniture is a piece of flannel moistened with paraffin. Rub into the wood till dry, then apply the following polish: Mix together equal parts of linseed oil, vinegar and turpentine. Shake well, apply with an old silk handkerchief, rubbing in thoroughly. This gives a good polish, and is cheaper than the furniture pastes sold for the purpose.

CHILDREN.—State Age and Size.
BACK NUMBERS KEPT IN STOCK.

ANTS.—Ants, being averse to strong smells, can generally be got rid of by washing out their haunts with chloride of lime mixed with water. Another good plan is to melt together half a pound of flowers of brimstone with a quarter of a pound of potash. Place the two substances in an iron pan over a hot fire. When dissolved and mixed let them cool.

shirts, Men's undervests, 6d. each Men's dressing gowns, Nurses' dresses, pyjama suits, 9d each.



HEALTH HINTS FOR THE HOME

The form of Anæmia with which we are principally concerned is a disease of

adulthood usually occurring between the 16th and 24th year of life, and much more frequently met with among young women than the male sex.

Its recognition is an easy matter from the extreme pallor of the complexion. The ears present a semi-transparent wax-like appearance. The mucous membranes of the gums, and eyes are pale

and bloodless, and the veins on the back of the hands have a delicate violet tint. There is no muscular wasting, but the limbs are generally remarkably flaccid. There is, however, marked languor and distaste for exertion. Digestion is greatly interfered with as a rule, and breathlessness on running upstairs, whilst some swelling of the ankles and puffiness under the eye is not infrequently present. The temperature is below par, and is frequently attended by frequent headaches, neuralgia, with slight feverish attacks, *calore viscerale*. French writers ("La Chlorose Febrile,") consider this a form of chlorosis. Gastric ulcer is a common and very troublesome accompaniment of this form.

With regard to the etiology many authorities hold that it is primarily a blood deterioration, or secondary to numerous causes, as constipation, absence of light and fresh air, heated rooms, want of exercise, insufficient or unsuitable food. At puberty, the body is poor in the amount of iron available for blood formation.

Death never occurs as a result of this form of anemia, but relapses during treatment are common.

The majority of young girls in early

DAY EXCURSIONS.
A long list of attractive day trips both to-day and to-morrow is announced by the Great Western Railway. On both days excursions will be run to the Thames Valley resorts, and on Bank Holiday trips will be run to Bath, Cheltenham, Gloucester, Weston-super-Mare, and the Malvern

NOVEL PROFIT SHARING.

A novel scheme to cement the interests of industry has just been put into force by Messrs. Rowntree, the cocoa and chocolate firm, of York. It provides that after salaries and wages have been paid at normal rates, a living wage of 7½ per cent. be paid to capital, and that then the whole of the profits be equally divided between workers and capital.

It is believed that the enthusiasm secured by giving workers a share in the results of their work will redound to the prosperity of all concerned.

The value of ginger as a digestive should not be underestimated, and one of the most agreeable ways of taking ginger is in the form of ginger wine. Stone's ginger wine is a beverage that can be relied upon in every case.

LOST RELATIVES

Particulars which must accompany each inquiry:— Name of missing person, how long since heard of (must exceed one year), relationship to, and address of applicant. Correspondence coupon must be enclosed and inquiries marked FIRST, to Editor, "The People," Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.2.

PATENTS.
WILKINSON (Surrey).—Apparently good suggestion
 Protecting advisable here. W. J. A. (London).—Details
 of procedure sent by post. R. C. (London).

The People SERVICE BUREAU.
FREE ADVICE OFFICE No. 2162
2511 T. York

RHUBARB SOUP.—Wipe the rhubarb (it is full too young to require peeling), top and tail it and cut it into lengths. Drop the lengths into boiling water, simmer gently for a few minutes. When they pierce easily, drop them into cold water, leave for five minutes and drain in a colander. Lay the rhubarb on a dish, cover with castor sugar, squeeze over the juice of half a lemon, and leave for an hour or so. Roll in sugar, coat with thin frying batter and fry to a golden brown in deep fat.

RHUBARB SOUP.—This is a very wholesome and palatable half dozen of the sticks of rhubarb in inch lengths. Place them in two pints of boiling stock. Add an onion sliced, and two thin slices of bread with the crust removed. Simmer until the rhubarb is tender. Strain, season to taste with salt and pepper, and serve with a little butter.

RHUBARB WINE.—Cut up five pounds of rhubarb—weighed after trimming—place in a basin; add one gallon of water and leave for five days, stirring three times daily. Strain. Add four pounds of loaf sugar. Stir until dissolved. Add the rind of one lemon, half an ounce ofisinglass, and boil five days. Skim well. Draw off and pour into a cask, bung down for a fortnight, and leave for six months bottling.

RHUBARB MOULD.—Wash and cut small pieces enough rhubarb to fill a quart measure. Put it into a stewing-pan with one and a quarter of sugar, the grated rind, and the juice of one small lemon, and blanch almonds chopped finely. Stir quickly till the result looks like a marmalade, then add to it half an ounce of gelatine, dissolved in two tins full of boiling water, and pour the mixture into a mould wetted with cold water. Set it aside till it is firm, then turn it out and serve it with cream or custard.

SEND "THE PEOPLE" YOUR QUERIES

A coupon, with the stamped addressed envelope, must accompany EACH query and the envelope must be marked "Legal," "Medical," "Miscellaneous," "Household," "Patents," etc. Inquiries should reach "The People" by Tuesday, addressed to—
Editor, "The People"
Milford-lane, Strand, W.C.2.
Names and addresses of questioners not for publication, and non-de-plume or initials against which the reply will appear must accompany the inquiry.

BRIDGE - Disqualified for five years. P
 DENES - Yes for ten years. IGNORANT
 for rates. NO RENT - Sun for rent
 YRANKO - Yes for ten years.
 C and D can dispose of the property
 ALEXANDER - No INQUIRER
 WILSON - Yes for five years. 3
 YRANKO - Yes for ten years.
 MANN - You can sue for debt
 document as evidence. A. CHAPMAN
 to contribute to support of sister. I
 train for rent. WEEKES - Law Society
 Lane, London. Do not reply to letter
 if wanted. I provide
 not me without permission
 tion, but decision in discretion of judge.

MEDICAL.

In order to ensure attention a stamped addressed envelope MUST be enclosed, and when answers to questions of a delicate nature are desired, a written prescription, a 1c P.O. must be enclosed with the stamped addressed envelope. "The People" does not accept

THREAT WORMS.

Watercourses, mines and other war vegetables should be avoided as they contain water-borne

REMEDIJA—Esmalts of salt and water (made by dissolving one ounce of salt in one gallon of water) following draught to be given on an empty stomach and repeated in two days.

Oleum 10 cts.
Oil of ricin 10 cts.
Purp. sacral 10 cts.
Symp auranti 10 cts.
A small child 10 cts.
A third of the draught for a child.

NAUTICAL.

A. MURPHY has served from Jan 1894 June, 1906, and has had the I.S. gratuity. Asks if he now entitled to have received prize money. A. WILGITT (Medusa) Bahr was on service breaker Alexander and at capture of bounty due; He should apply through Admiralty Prize Branch, Cornwall Hill, S.W. 7, LONDON, E.C. CAPT. JAMES HARRIS and forwarded. A WIDOW - The gratuity in your case is £2 10- per

Questions will not receive attention unless stamped addressed envelope enclosed. See Coupon at bottom.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

PENSIONS.

S. P. O.—Constant attendance allowance a week. RANKER.—Yes, if permanent at least. MRS. JAMES.—No marriage at all. S. P. O.—If you are married, I can't help you for you are GDS. Ad. SPORTING.—Black details won the Army Cup. B.E. won "Cup." STILL WAITING.—Claims not approved. Battle honours for the regiment. S. P. O.—Entitled new General Service Medal. F. rate was then 27s. 6d. The bonus of 20 p. was added later. PARENT.—Too late for rate. Apply under parents' "need" grant.

New vol. Sale—One Shilling

PATTERN
of this charming
afternoon gown
FREE!

GET the Spring Number of 'Coming Fashions,' just out, and secure this charming pattern free. Or, if you prefer, you can have one of the following patterns: a Jumper Blouse, a Slip-On Coat, an Afternoon Freck, a Coat and Skirt Costume or Coat Freck—all FREE!

This Spring Number will be eagerly sought by those looking for originality and excellence of design.

***Look out for this design
on the bookstalls, and
secure your copy early.***

Afternoon Gown in fine green cloth with touches of black silk embroidery. Detachable scarf-collar with a black lining. Exclusively and specially designed for "COMING FASHIONS" by Miss M. D. Morgan.

FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE
CONDUCTED BY GRANDA FUNBOY

PEGGY AND PETER AT THE FAIR.

MY DEAR LITTLE PEOPLE,

Hot Cross Buns and Easter go together, and I am afraid that Easter Buns make hot, cross Granpas when Peggy and Peter have anything to do with them! It all began with a holiday fair which set up near my garden, and I was quite sure that if I let those two little wretches go, they'd either be thrown out of the swings, or whizzed off the merry-go-rounds, or be mistaken for cokenuts, so when they asked if they might visit the fair, I sternly refused. "You must amuse yourselves in the garden over the holidays," said I very severely, "then I don't see that you can come to very much harm," and off I went, and back I came, and have ever since been in bed, groaning.

For Peggy and Peter made up their minds to have a fair of their own in the garden. It appears they took a few things from the house, and set to work. First they made an "Aunt Sally" from my best top hat and a marble bust. Next they set up a fine cokenut shy with all the best china vases, and it was just when they had borrowed a goat to have Hampshire Heath donkey rides on, that I came in at the gate as

I shall let them go to as many fairs they like. It will be safer for them. While getting over running into Peter Billy, I have prepared

AN EASTER EGG FOR YOU

in the centre here. It is well making up, so gum the oval on a card, cut out the two parts of the egg, and the slits A and B, marked a little dart.

Colour the egg and chicken with paints or chalks, then fix the slit A the slit B, so that the black flaps hidden, and move the ends of the ribbon until the two sides of the ribbon meet. By pulling down the ends of the ribbon up pops the chicken in a most amazing way. Show it to your friends!

Next week you shall hear how Peter and Peter spent Bank Holiday, and will also find in our corner a puzzle you will not want to miss. I must tell you, too, that

A BIG SURPRISE FOR ALL LITTLE PEOPLE

will be announced shortly, so if you will look out for this, as well as of interest to every one of my readers.

Your Merry Old Friend

Frank

WATCH FOR PEGGY AND PETER'S BANK HOLIDAY ADVENTURE NEXT WEEK

Rechnung No. 45, 1923

THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO., LIMITED.

INSURANCE FOR ALL.
Arrange your Life Insurance in the way you can best afford to pay.
Life Insurance at Weekly, Monthly, Quarterly, Half-yearly, and Annual Premiums.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN INDUSTRIAL LIFE INSURANCE.
THE MODEL POLICY
THE PROGRESSIVE POLICY
THE ENDOWMENT ASSURANCE POLICY
ALL ON FAVOURABLE TERMS WITH MONTHLY PREMIUMS.

Ask our Representatives to Explain these New Tables.

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PHONE: CENTRAL 6666.
TELEGRAMS: PEOPLE, STRAND, LONDON.

MR. BALDWIN'S COMING SURPLUS.

The financial year closed yesterday, and leaves Mr. Baldwin, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with the handsome surplus of 100 millions. What will he do with it?

No announcement can be made until the Budget is introduced on April 16, and even if accurate forecasts were made, it would be the Chancellor's duty to contradict them.

We have already expressed our views that the surplus should be used chiefly to reduce taxation. In this instance it happens that a reduction of the income tax and the beer and sugar duty would not only be the right thing, but would be universally popular. A shilling off the income tax would assist employment and industry. It would cost 22 millions a year. Sugar is an article of universal consumption, and a penny a pound off sugar would involve a loss of revenue of 11 millions. There is a general demand, also, for a reduction of the beer duty. A penny off this duty would involve a loss of about 21 millions, leaving the Chancellor with, say, 16 millions in hand.

Orthodox financiers, looking at the Budget without regard to the abnormal times through which we are passing, would naturally advocate the allocation of a large amount for reduction of the National Debt. It is a wiser policy, however, to relieve the existing strain and to pass on to a future generation a larger amount of the debt, a burden created by the war and the sacrifices which it involved, borne by the present generation.

THE RUHR: LEAST SAID—

The successive debates in the House of Commons on the French occupation of the Ruhr—there have been four or five—lead nowhere, but do a lot of mischief. They increase the distrust which exists in France against this country; they make the French more insistent in enforcing their policy. The only useful suggestion made in Thursday's debate was one by Sir L. Worthington-Evans, Minister for War in the Lloyd George Government. He asked that reports of experts to a conference in August last be published, and that the negotiations for a settlement with France be resumed on the same lines. While every speaker urged the Government to declare its policy—the British Empire must have a mind and voice of its own—no one gave the Government one practical hint. And for the very good reason that for the moment the best policy is that of a sympathetic, and perhaps anxious, onlooker.

We cannot join the French in the occupation of the Ruhr; we cannot tell the French to clear out. We cannot offer to mediate, as the French cry, "Hands off!"

We cannot offer such security now as the French would accept.

Above all, we must do nothing to destroy the Entente, in spite of the unfair, misleading and insulting attacks on England which appear in the French Press, or the aggressive tone of French Ministers. As Mr. McNeill, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, said, the French people remained our allies and our friends, and he hoped that when the right time came we should be able to assist. For the present, the policy should be: No more futile discussions, which are embarrassing for the Government and irritating to our allies.

THE TALKING SHOP.

"I know what's the matter with me," said the parrot after being mauled by the cat, "I talk too much." Parliament talks too much and does too little.

In the Commons Opposition members become more and more loquacious, but rarely contribute anything of value to the solution of the many complex problems which present themselves in these perilous times. There is too great a tendency to indulge in personal reminiscences—and recrimination—a fondness for semi-amusing stories of the "that reminds me" type.

Destructive criticism is all very well when destruction happens to be the need of the moment; but we have had too much of that; what the country longs for is construction, and we seem to have lost much of our genius for it.

The country is very much at sixes and sevens; the difficulties and dangers, internal and external, are so many and so various, that it is not easy to concentrate on anything. And the House of Commons reflects this state of puzzlement.

It is not much to be wondered at, therefore, that at Westminster there is a great deal of talk while little is said that is worth remembering. The Government's henchmen are the least sinners in this respect, and responsible ministers talk as little as possible. This is not to be complained of, for it is of far greater importance that the Government should retain the confidence of the country by solid achievement than by spinning out words.

AN EASTERTIDE MESSAGE.

By the Rev. G. STUDDERT-KENNEDY, M.C. ("Woodbine Willie.")

It is a true story—only the names are changed.

We call him John Brownlow. He is fat and forty, fixed for life—and he has a garden.

He loves that garden especially now. Everything comes up with a rush. Six years ago he lost his boy, Edward—blown to pieces near Ypres. He has never been quite the same since. John Brownlow hasn't. Somehow things have never tasted quite the same.

It was Easter Day and a lovely day. The sun called him up very early in the morning, at least it was partly the sun and partly his daughter Mary. She was going to Communion. John used to go, but not for ten years now. He gave it up when his wife died. He used to go with her. And he was out in the garden, and he tried to look at a rose tree at the end of the garden. It had been Edward's rose tree. He planned it. There was no bird on it, no sign of life. John Brownlow wondered if it was dead.

"A funny thing if it is!" He's dead, and his tree's dead. Never any more. Done with—finished! That's what the tree is. I wonder is Edward? I wonder is the Miss? Or, I wonder are they together waiting? alive?—

And done for. I wonder what it's all for. Queer thing Life is. Ay, that's her singing—her voice is just like her mother's—

"On that happy Easter morning—All the graves their dead restore—Father, sister, child and mother—Met once more."

"To that brightest of all meetings—Bringing Jesus Christ, at last—By Thy cross through death and judgment—Holding fast."

"A Happy Easter, Dad! Breakfast ready!"

[Points from a Good Friday Sermon.] Ever since I was a boy I worshipped bravery. Christ was the bravest of the brave. He never whined. I have stood beside some deathbeds that have fairly made me sick. The finest way to meet Death is to be able to say calmly as he said, "It is finished."

It is no good building grand palaces like St. Paul's for God if you build rotten hovels for His children.

It is blasphemy to have huge beautiful churches while you have families of five living in two rooms.

It is better to blaspheme honestly than to pray in pretence. It is a good thing to dance, but a dreadful thing to live for dancing.

TALK of the PEOPLE

By "WIDEAWAKE."

The Premier's Health.

Mr. Bonar Law has gone to Torquay with his daughter, Lady Sykes, for the Easter holidays. The statements which have appeared in the Press about the Prime Minister's health are altogether exaggerated. He is suffering from a relaxed throat which interfered with his speaking in public, but did not otherwise interrupt his work. Mr. Bonar Law has a heavy burden to carry just now and is wisely husbanding his strength, but his general state of health is good.

Liberal Reunion Check.

The negotiations for Liberal reunion have received another check. The Leeds Liberal Federation which is Lloyd Georgian, invited the two leaders to meet at luncheon. Mr. Lloyd George promptly accepted, but Mr. Asquith declined. In the meantime Mr. Lloyd George is obviously anxious to do nothing which will impede or make impossible a united Liberal Party. He has put off his engagement in Wales to speak at Whitstable, and he has only accepted an invitation to address a demonstration in Manchester if that is also postponed.

The general opinion is that the two sections of the party will adopt common action in the Lobby of the House of Commons.

A Promising Young Minister.

One of Mr. Bonar Law's young recruits who is fully justifying his appointment is Mr. H. B. Betterton, who has been appointed as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labour. As soon as he took office he had the responsibility of dealing with criticisms in the House of Commons, owing to the illness of the Minister, Sir Montague Barlow, and acquitted himself with credit.

Mr. Betterton, while he has been regular in his attendance, as a member has hitherto rarely spoken. It shows that the House on the Government side has a good deal of hidden talent.

City and Suburban.

The new extension of the Underground to Merton, Sutton, is to be called the "City and Suburban." Sutton will be going ahead with this new connection to London, and we may expect to see before many years continuous streets from Mitcham to Bantstead Downs. Signs of coming progress are already evident; Lyons and W. H. Smith have both opened shops in Sutton.

Progress of the Underground.

The extension to Sutton is one of the new tentacles of the Underground combination, the head of which is Lord Ashfield. He has been responsible for unifying the four services controlled by his companies—the electric railways, tube trams and buses so that Londoners are better able to take advantage of the existing facilities of locomotion. Lord Ashfield was President of the Board of Trade during the war. He was born in Derbyshire and had his training in transport in America, where he spent the greater part of his life.

Three Posts in One.

Sir Maurice Hankey is now in the unique position of holding three of the greatest Civil Service posts in the country; he is the chief secretary of the Cabinet, and in that position keeps the minutes and arranges the business and communicates with the various Ministers of Departments; he is, and has been for many years, secretary to the Committee on Imperial Defence, and now he has taken on the clerkship of the Privy Council vacated by the retirement of Sir Almeric Fitzroy.

Sir Maurice only draws one salary for the three positions, but it is quite a substantial one, being £3,000 a year.

Custodian of Official Secrets.

Sir Maurice Hankey is a man of wonderful capacity and tact. He knows more official secrets than any minister or other Civil Servant. He has been behind the scenes at every conference in the war and was exceedingly popular with all people with whom he came in contact. Mr. Lloyd George rewarded his special war services with a gift of £25,000.

A Parliamentary Record.

Many congratulations to Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., who yesterday completed his 43rd year's continuous service in the House of Commons. The hon. member is the father of the House, a position in which he succeeded the late Mr. Thomas Burt, the Labour M.P.

Romance of a Marquessate.

The young Marquis of Donegall, who is spending Easter with his mother, the Marchioness of Donegall, in Paris, enters his 21st year in October next. The Marquis succeeded to the title when only one year old, and was born when his father was over 50 years of age. When he takes his seat in the Upper House he will do so as Baron Fishwick.

An Old Superstition Defied.

Lady Mary Cambridge, whose engagement to the Marquis of Worcester has recently been announced, has narrowly escaped qualification for the old saw, "Three times a bridesmaid, never a bride."

It will be remembered that Lady Mary was bridesmaid at the wedding of Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles, and she will act in a similar capacity next month when H.R.H. the Duke of York will wed the Lady Elizabeth. I understand that another wedding will claim her attendance as bridesmaid when her brother the Earl of Eltham, marries Miss Dorothy Hastings next month.

The Bride.

Lady Mary is an accomplished horsewoman herself and is a typical outdoor English sportswoman, having spent a great deal of time in her fiancé's company in the hunting field. The bride-to-be is a niece of the Queen and elder daughter of the Marquis of Cambridge. Lady Mary is 25 years of age, and the Marquis is just 23. The good wishes



Lady Mary Cambridge.

of England's womanhood will go out towards the Lady Elizabeth and Lady Mary, who are both exceedingly popular wherever they go, and typical of all that one looks for in the true type of English beauty. The date of the wedding has not yet been fixed.

She is the third of the bridesmaids at Princess Mary's wedding to become engaged. The other two are the popular Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon and Lady Doris Gordon-Lennox, who is to marry Mr. Clare-Vyner early next month.

The Bridegroom.

The Marquis of Worcester is, of course, the heir to the Duke of Beaufort, and has been acting as master to the Duke's Hunt. He is regarded as one of the finest riders to hounds in the country. He has recently resigned his commission in the Royal Horse Guards, and is somewhat in the way of being an airman.

Getting Ready.

First signs of the approaching Royal wedding are to be seen at Westminster Hospital, where carpenters are already busy erecting seats, the sale of which will go to benefit the hospital.

Dancing Socialists.

The Conference of the Independent Labour Party opened yesterday with a committee tea and reception and later there was a conversation, concert and dance. To-day, the Queen's Hall and the Imperial Hotel will be full of Comrades, and it is especially emphasized that the buffet at the former will be open for refreshments. To-morrow, the proceedings will conclude with a "Grand Fancy Dress Carnival Ball; Fancy Dress optional." This is how to make a pleasure of politics.

A Famous Sculptor.

Mr. W. Reynolds-Stephens, who has just been elected to the Presidency of the Royal Society of British Sculptors, is one of the most familiar of the modern exhibitors at Burlington House, where his works—both painting and sculpture—are well known and regularly looked for each spring. One of his best known pieces of sculpture is "The Scout in War," and another "A Royal Game: Queen Elizabeth and Philip II," which was purchased by the trustees of the Chantry Bequest for the National Collection.

"The Pride of Battersea."

Though the strenuous days when he was a militant municipal reformer and a Cabinet Minister are so far behind him, John Burns likes to refresh his memory occasionally. I saw him in his familiar navy blue suit just recently making a close survey of Lincoln's Inn Fields, around which so many battles were fought with the lawyers before they were finally secured as public recreation grounds by the London County Council.

A Bernhard Story.

Sarah Bernhardt's fondness for playing death scenes (she was reputed to have enacted death on the stage well over 50,000 times) made her an object of dread to that fine expert in wholesale slaughter, the Sultan Abdul Hamid. When the great actress visited Constantinople years ago, Abdul refused absolutely to see her or witness her playing, declaring that he had no wish to come into contact with a woman who could mimic death to such perfection.

Mr. Bonar Law's Holiday—Three Times a Bridesmaid!—When the Sultan was Shocked.

W.T.A.

Labour is launching out in a new "role," that of tourist agent. There is a Workers' Travel Association with headquarters at Toynbee Hall. It originated a year ago with a small committee of Socialists who organised parties of workers for a week or two's holiday abroad. The experiment was successful, and there were over a thousand pounds profit. A permanent secretary and an interpreter have been appointed.

German Films.

The German invasion continues—in the film world. The latest success is the film of Peter the Great, which, with other picture-plays dealing with the past, takes some liberties with history. As regards Russia, however, no true history of that country has ever been published, as the Czar's severely censored records of the past. Documents, however, exist, and have not been destroyed by the Bolshevik regime, which will bring to light many mysteries in the story of Caedmon.

The German Czar.

The real origin of the Romanoff family has never been published, except in one book issued outside Russia, only a few copies of which exist. The original Romanoff was a German tailor. He was born near Berlin; his name was Kohler. He headed the revolution after Ivan the Terrible had exasperated the people, and assumed the name of Romanoff before he became an autocrat. He took the Christian name of Michael, and made his father Metropolitan, or Bishop, of Moscow. The Romanoff dynasty, after existing for about 300 years, became extinct after Catherine the Great. She had married a Romanoff, the last remaining member of that family, and was succeeded by the son of her brother, a German, she being a German herself.

The London.

The biggest social club in London will soon be opened in King-st., Baker-st. It will contain 40 billiard tables, 30 table-tennis tables, the largest dancing hall in London, with more than 10,000 superficial feet of flooring, reading, writing, smoking and card rooms. It will have dining-rooms and provide refreshments of all kinds. The new club, which is named "The London," is intended to cater for men and women of moderate means. The subscription has been fixed at one guinea per year for men and half-a-guinea for women. "The London" will be a social institution as well as a club.

Versatile Sir Oswald.

Sir Oswald Stoll, speaking at one of his company meetings a few days ago, made some remarks on the general financial and commercial position of this country which have attracted attention. While Sir Oswald occupies a prominent position in the entertainment world, he does not confine his interest to his spheres of business. He is a philosopher, poet, mathematician, and his chief study is finance, on which he has written several books. He has drafted a Bill embodying his views of financial reconstruction and never loses an opportunity of advocating his scheme.

Busy Lord Burnham.

Viscount Burnham, who is one of the busiest men in London, has taken on another job. He is chairman of the Departmental Committee appointed by the Government to review existing arrangements for training elementary school teachers and to consider what changes in organisation and finance are necessary. Lord Burnham was the chairman of the committee who fixed the zone scheme of salaries for teachers throughout the country, which will always be known as the Burnham scale.

RANDOM RHYMES.

Tell me not in tones of sadness
That my hopes are all in vain,
And that Monday's promised gladness
Will be spoiled by tons of rain;
I am eager, I am earnest,
"Apny" Amplest is my goal,
I'm for measures of the sternest
Barometrical control.
Governments are altogether
Lacking enterprise and "go,"
Why can't they "control" the
weather?

That's what I would like to know.
The efforts of the Government in
matters economical
Are leading up to consequences just a
little comical;
They've stopped the subsidy that
bought the House of Lords its
crockery;
Imagine it! The Gilded Chamber!
What an awful mockery!
I don't know what we're coming to, red
revolution stark it is,
Unless on Mr. Baldwin's part a First
of April lark it is.
Each noble legislator now who asks
a friend to sup with him
Will have to tell him that he must be
sure to bring his cap with him!

CIGARETTE PAPERS.

FOR AFTER DINNER SMOKING.

By the Lounge.

WHEN Robert Browning wrote:
Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there
he probably made a memorandum
his diary: "N.B.—If able to go
year, do not arrive until 2nd." The
first day of that month of smiles
tears is All Fools' Day.

To-day one confines oneself to
modest efforts as sending a post
to a friend directing him to find
a certain number and ask for
"Lion," which he does so, he is
of course, that he has been come
to the Zoological Gardens.
But the really Homeric jest is
sort of thing practised by a humi
in 1880. The first day of April
year fell on a Sunday, and some
previously some thousands of p
received an official-looking card
which was printed:

Tower of London.—Admit the B
and Friend to view the Annual
money of Washing the White Lion
Sunday, April 1st, 1880. Admitte
the White Gate. It is particula
quested that no gratuity be given
Warders or their assistants.

The mob arrived in due course,
ing for the "White Gate," and
agor to behold the purification
lions. Their observations as the
turned, sadder and wiser, are
record.

"The House of Commons is lar
fed on mutton chops, which may
count for the sheep-like nature of
members," said that well-known
tarian, Dr. Josiah Oldfield, in
a new fruit restaurant in Fleet
In this connection I am able to
a remarkable piece of secret po
history.

Many years ago Lord Beacons
realising the importance of fo
the follow-my-leader spirit in his
porters, introduced mutton chop
the Commons menu. Since then
succeeding Prime Minister has so
lent his support to the scheme, and
one time a subtle attempt was m
to induce members of the House
grow mutton-chop whiskers in ad
to consuming the edible.

Some time ago a daring coup
planned by a group of Independ
certain members of the Kitchen
nitte and of the culinary staff
privately approached with a view
the gradual elimination of the
and the substitution of such dish
nordidge (well known to be a
forming food), *Piccadilly Mule*,
made of the famous "Discord Pipe
apples, and a certain rare and
ing fruit.

The plan, however, was frustrated
an honest scullion who flung him
at the feet of the Prime Minister
bursting into tears, reveals the
It was at once ordered that hence
no alteration in the menu should
made without the consent of the C
net, and thus a political disaster
averted.

I have a friend, one William Pau
fote Smith, who is filled with
joyous heedlessness of youth. Circu
stances having caused our paths
diverge, he sends me from time to
an account of such matters as
good to him. I have received
a letter this morning, and I rep
it in the hope that those of my
who stand at the threshold of
may, dashing away a tear, re
avoid William's weaknesses. He
the letter—

This is the end of a perfect day
rose betimes at ten o'clock and
that I am not as other men who
on Saturdays. Placing marmalade
toast, I called on Elinor to rejoin
me. She said there were two su
every question.

Not being quite certain as to her
ing, I turned the conversation
getting that we should indulge in
and F.O. Elinor said we could
possibly afford it, and she would
up to Oxford-street and get some
ings to go with her new rose-ju
I begged her not to trouble, but sh
it would not be a Gay and Festi
sion for her if she didn't.

I took a "bus into the City and
on my bank manager, an unbr
human fellow for a usurer. C
back a sob, I referred in brief
words to the ghastly Spectre of Pau
hanging over us. I said this was
doubt a country fit for heroes, to
in, for only heroes—what with m
tax and other things—could live in
it.

Obviously affected under his p
sional stoicism, the bank bloke wr
hand and agreed to allow me a
additional overdraft. Overjoyed, I
the opportunity to ask his advice
my income tax. He said he belong
the same golf club as the local resp
of taxes, who was quite a good
and he advised me to see him
frankly ask him for time to pay. T
ing the bank *wallah*, I dug out
inspector, who turned out to be a
handicap man. I explained my
case and complimented him on his
tation for iron-shots. After a ple
conversation he said he would ask
collector to put me on the deferred
And so home, where Elinor very
with silken hose.

We decided to go to the Majestic
dinner; it is salty, but they do
awfully well. We had just reached
coffee and liqueurs when a late
arrived at a reserved table near; m
my bank manager and some friends
tried to slip out quietly, but B
nodded cheerfully and said, "How
Hope you're having a jolly evening
the by, you might look me up on M
day at the office, will you? Goodnight!"

Laughing recklessly, I threw Elinor into
a taxi, and we reached the Frivoly
just as the curtain rose. The first act
was simply topping, and we absolutely
screamed with joy. When the lights
went up I turned, still chuckling, to
identify the owner of a jolly laugh, last
sounded familiar, concert behind. It
was the income tax inspector.

I am going to send William a set
of Hogarth's "Rake's Progress"—if
I can get one cheap.



A STRING OF HAPPY HOLIDAY SNAPSHOTS.—Reading from left to right: Three happy maidens among the shells at Canvey; The porter with his little charges; The first plunge of the season; Caravan girls cooking their breakfast, and a cheery little toddler enjoying his first experience of the sands.

LAYING THE FOUNDATIONS.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S BOLD SCHEME.

LOOKING AHEAD.

80,000 NEW HOUSES.

(By Our Political Correspondent.)

Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the new Minister of Health, has conceived a bold national scheme on housing. It is fourfold.

1. An inquiry into the cost of material, which will be begun immediately.

2. The new Housing Bill, to be introduced, after the Budget, on the 14th.

3. The decontrol problem, which will be tackled at a later date.

4. A scheme to deal with slums.

This fourfold programme will take any years to carry out, but there will be no unnecessary delay in making a start with it.

The Committee to inquire into the cost of building material, to watch whether prices are unduly raised by the operation of rings or combines, will be appointed at once.

Mr. Chamberlain has invited a number of gentlemen to serve and is waiting for their replies.

The chairman will be an independent man who has had experience of inquiries by committees. There will be representatives of the Ministry of Health, of the Board of Trade, of the Master Builders, of the co-operative Trade Unions, and of the Municipal Authorities.

There will also be an Accountant and a Member of Parliament, probably one connected with the co-operative movement. Another member will be not associated in any way with the building industry or housing.

TO CHECK HIGH PRICES.

It is not proposed that the Committee should hold inquiries in public. They will receive and inquire into complaints and report periodically to the Minister. Mr. Chamberlain hopes that the publication of information, which will check the tendency to rig prices. Legislation on this subject would be exceedingly difficult to carry out.

The next step in Mr. Chamberlain's housing policy will be his Housing Bill. He has announced that he will give a study of £5 per house for 20 years.

The Bill is not yet in its completed form, but it is understood that the Minister's policy will be to allow municipalities the widest latitude in a way that will assist building. They may grant loans at a low rate of interest, waive rates, or give a lump subsidy.

It is hoped that the system adopted will encourage private enterprise and particularly on the part of the small builders.

All plans must comply with the conditions laid down by the Ministry of Health. Under his scheme Mr. Chamberlain would like to see 80,000 new houses built before the end of June, 1925.

The problem of de-control is the most ticklish which the new Minister has to tackle, and no de-control will take place until the housing shortage is made good. Mr. Chamberlain is fortunate in being able to approach the question with a very intimate knowledge of all aspects of housing, gained by practical experience in the civic administration of Birmingham and as Lord Mayor of that city.

ONE-ROOMED HOME DOOMED.

Looking further ahead, Mr. Chamberlain hopes to grapple with the problem of the slums and contemplates a plan of reconstruction under which the population will not be shifted from the quality in which they now live, but under which the standard of housing will be greatly raised. Above all, he will attack the soul-destroying and disease-spreading one-roomed home.

This national policy on housing is admittedly very ambitious, and Mr. Chamberlain can only expect that he will be able to lay the foundation. Provided that that foundation is sound, the constructive policy will be achieved, bit by bit, so that we can look forward to better houses for the working classes, lower rents, and the

abolition of the plague-spots in the slums.

Besides bringing wide knowledge and practical experience in administration to bear on this many-sided problem, Mr. Chamberlain has the further advantage of having made a very favourable impression as a Minister on the House of Commons. He has won the sympathy of all parties, and may look forward to a reasonable measure of support from the Opposition.

THE SHADOW OF THE STRIKE.

These plans may be altogether upset and progress delayed if the strike now threatened in the building trade takes place. The issue is whether the men will accept a 47-hours week and a reduction of 10 per cent. in wages. The rise in wages is one of the causes of dear houses, and in most other occupations there has been a decrease in the prices of food. So far the employees have shown that they do not intend to accept the new terms, and the "masters' latest move is an invitation to refer the whole subject to arbitration.

£1,000 IN NOTES MISSING.

Accountant Remanded on Serious Charge.

Arrested at night as he was leaving his motor-car at Avenue Villas, Clacton-on-Sea, William Charles Tamplin (39), an accountant, was yesterday remanded at the Mansion House court charged with stealing £1,000 in currency notes and with falsifying the books of his employers, Messrs. Mann, George and Co.

At Bishopgate police station accused made a voluntary statement, in the course of which he said that money came to his employers' offices in two registered letters. The temptation was too strong for him, as he was in financial difficulties.

At first he intended only to take £500, but finally decided to take the lot. He had been drinking heavily and missed one £500 in a train from Liverpool-st. He slept during the journey and did not remember what happened to the case in which he had put the money.

With the other £500 he paid some betting debts, bought two motor-cars and other articles, which he surrendered to the police on behalf of the firm, and his intention was to repay them the rest of the money.

"STUDENTS" FROM ABROAD.

New Competition for British Housemaids.

The Hon. Miss Emily Kinnaid, vice-president of the Y.W.C.A., speaking at Hull, referred to the Government's decree that no foreign girl should enter this country to take up domestic service or other work owing to the large number of English people out of work.

Miss Kinnaid said that quite a number of Danish girls who had given up their situations and started for England had to be turned back.

The Association could not go against the Government, but she pointed out that many of these girls were evading the restriction by becoming students in this country for a week or two.

Indian girls were also coming over to this country ostensibly as students.

PONY FROM CHARITABLE PUBLIC.

Pleasant Sequel to a Police Court Charge.

At West London court yesterday a 16-year-old Fulham lad named Phelps, was presented with a pony to enable him to hawk firewood.

Recently, when summoned for working his pony in an unfit state, it was stated that he was the only support of his mother and a large family of brothers and sisters.

Mr. Forbes Lankester, the magistrate, ordered the pony to be destroyed, but suggested it was a proper case for the charitable to provide the youth with another animal, with the result that £20 was quickly forthcoming for a new pony, which was handed over to Phelps by the Chief Clerk on behalf of the subscribers.

SEEN FROM THE TRAIN.

A lady arriving at Llandrindod Wells by the morning train yesterday reported having seen a body hanging from a tree a mile from the town. The body proved to be that of a missing man named Daniel Evans, a farm labourer, aged 62.

THE NO-DOCTOR CULT.

CORONER AND "PECULIAR PEOPLE."

The South Essex coroner made some frank comments at an inquest at Romford yesterday on Mrs. Elizabeth Wood, a member of the "Peculiar People," who died without receiving medical attention.

Her husband is also a member of the sect, a large number of whom attended the inquest.

The husband admitted that Mrs. Wood had complained of pain for some time, but said it was against their principles to have a doctor, and he had not advised her to do so.

Dr. Woodhouse said the organs were in a very diseased condition, and no doubt if the case had been properly diagnosed deceased would have been saved much suffering and her life considerably prolonged.

Mr. Wood said he would like to make a further statement on that point, but the coroner refused to allow it. Any question could be asked.

The husband said if he could not make a statement he would sit down.

The coroner, returning a verdict that death was due to heart failure from organic disease, said he was satisfied that life would have been prolonged and a deal of suffering spared this poor woman had a doctor been called in. Deceased, however, was not a child, and was, therefore, a free agent; but the case showed how wrong those principles were. As a result the relatives had been put to considerable inconvenience and trouble, and the county to the unnecessary expense of an inquest.

READ OF WIFE'S DEATH.

Husband Who Saw Description in Newspaper.

Reading in a newspaper a description of a woman whose body had been recovered from the sea at Folkestone, James Baldwin, baker, of Folkestone, went to the mortuary and found that the dead woman was his wife.

At the inquest the husband said that his wife was very depressed at times, but on the day of her death seemed very much brighter. Mrs. Baldwin left the house to do some shopping and did not return. There had been no quarrel.

A verdict of "Suicide while temporarily insane" was recorded.

COASTGUARD CHANGES.

With the reduction of the coastguards force 33 coastguard stations in the North Command were closed yesterday. The command extends from the South Coast to the Scottish border.

THIS MORNING'S LATEST LINES.

Farm Wagon as Hearse.—Mr. T. Edgington, farmer, of Turville, Bucks, was conveyed to the churchyard on his own wagon, drawn by his favourite horse.

New Dockyard Official.—Captain Oliver Backhouse, C.B., formerly an M.P. and Superintendent of the Royal Dockyard at Sheerness yesterday.

Death of a Judge.—Judge Arthur O'Connor, E.C., formerly an M.P. and Deputy-Chairman of Committees of the House of Commons, died at Bournemouth yesterday aged 78.

To Mark German Graves.—The graves of 34 German soldiers who died of influenza whilst interned at Castle Donington are to be marked by granite stones procured from Germany.

Gas Tap Full On.—Mrs. Annie Holdstock, wife of the chief inspector of the Southend Water Co., was last night found dead with her head in the gas-oven and the tap full on. She had suffered from nerve trouble.

"Terrors" Busy.—The 4th and 5th London Brigades Territorial Artillery are in training at Aldershot during Easter, and spent a busy morning yesterday at Long Valley at tactical exercises, using Regular Army guns and horses.

Emigration "Close Season".—Southampton shipping companies have received notification that the British quota of emigration to America is completed, and with the exception of certain exempted classes, including tourists, no bookings can be accepted until July 1.

Death of an Indian Judge.—An inquest was held at Camberley yesterday afternoon on Robt. Obbard, a retired Indian judge, who was found dead on the floor of his room in front of a gas-stove, his body being partly burned on the left side. Evidence showed that death was due to cerebral hemorrhage, and was not due to the burning. The jury found a verdict accordingly.

HARRY COOK FREED FROM PRISON.

PUBLIC SYMPATHY.

FATHER WHO PAID FOR SON'S MISDEEDS.

Thanks to kindly readers of "The People," Harry Cook, the ex-soldier who was sentenced at Hampstead to a month in Brixton Prison (as a sequel to his son's misdeeds) has secured his freedom.

Harry Cook, junior, was sent to an industrial school and his father agreed to pay 10s. weekly towards his upkeep. Lately Cook fell out of work, and got £6 in arrears.

In accordance with a harsh law he was sentenced to a month's imprisonment for debt.

As soon as the facts were revealed in "The People" readers came to Cook's assistance, and money received from sympathisers was devoted first to supporting Cook's young wife, his nine-month-old son, and his aged mother, and then to his own release.

This was by Cook's special request. "I can stick it," he said, "if they are looked after."

It was arranged that Cook should be freed just before Good Friday, but sufficient funds were received to secure his release earlier. Accordingly when at the beginning of the week a representative of "The People" with the necessary funds, arrived at Brixton his release came as something of a shock.

Cook was working at some fencing at a distance from the prison when a warder approached and said: "You're going out at once!"

"That's good!" was all Cook said, as he blushed a deep crimson.

Within twenty minutes Cook was in his "civies" and set off for his home at North End, Hampstead.

The British Legion has sent 10s. to the family, and Mr. W. Dyer, of Bournemouth, £1. Efforts are being made to find work for both Cook and his wife.

UNCONSCIOUS ON THE ROAD.

Picked up by a passing motorist on the Rottingdean road and conveyed to the Brighton Hospital, a man, whose identity has not been established, was found to be suffering from a wound on the head.

How he came by it is unknown, but it is thought he may have been knocked down by a previous motorist, who went on his way. He is still unconscious.

Two parcels found near by bore the name "Jack Harris," and it has been ascertained that a man named Harris took his discharge from the poor law institution yesterday.

GAVE LIFE FOR HER HONOUR.

BRUTAL MURDER OF AN INVALID GIRL.

Evidence given at the inquest showed that Miss Martha Teresa Lunny, the 20-years-old invalid girl student whose body, terribly mutilated, was found in the Swanlinbar district of Co. Cavan, on the Ulster border, had surrendered her life only after a desperate struggle in defence of her honour.

The Irish Free State and Ulster have combined forces in their search for the perpetrator of the dastardly crime, which, it is stated, has no political significance whatever.

Miss Lunny, a quiet studious girl, had been studying medicine at Carrickmacross College, County Monaghan, but had been ordered home for a few weeks by her doctor because of a breakdown in health.

SIGNS OF GRIM STRUGGLE.

She had been to Swanlinbar on Wednesday evening to visit a brother and sister, and they accompanied her part of the way home.

Her body, terribly maltreated, was found next day in a field 50 yards from her father's house. After being attacked, she appears to have been dragged some 30 yards from a lane to the field.

There were two wounds on the girl's head and three on the face. Her left eye was pressed almost from its socket, and many of her teeth had been knocked out and were found lying on the roadway.

The police have taken casts of some footprints, and it is suggested that in order to drag the body so far two persons must have been implicated.

At the inquest a verdict was returned that the girl was murdered by persons unknown while defending her virtue.

A DETECTIVE ASSAULTED.

Remarking that he evidently lost his temper, Mr. Gill, at the Clerkenwell Court yesterday passed sentence of 21 days' hard labour on Alfred Hughes (36), a bootmaker, of Calthorpe-st., for assaulting Det-Sgt. Butt.

Evidence was that when he went, in the course of his duty, to visit accused, a convict on licence, Hughes, after a threat, spat in the officer's face. Accused denied the allegations.



The Last Minute Goal

He managed to get his head to it, and score the winning goal just on time. How did he last out a strenuous game so well? Just because he looks after himself properly and drinks Vi-Cocoa for breakfast and supper. There's nothing better than Vi-Cocoa for bracing up the muscles, giving a steady eye and ensuring all-round fitness in mind and body.

PLANTERS PRODUCTS LIMITED
DELECTALAND,
WATFORD, ENGLAND.

Vi-Cocoa



THE BIG HEART

JOHN G. BRANDON

A MODERN STORY OF LOVE & INTRIGUE

SYNOPSIS.
The Hon. Bill Blakeley varies the monotony of his life by the blackmail of Mr. Hammerden, a little love-making, in which he achieves a little progress. Courtney and the Hon. Bill are hurriedly married for the money. The Hon. Bill sets out for London, having first secured the services of the millionaire's daughter something to do.

CHAPTER X.

which the Honourable Bill sees a woman and "acts according".
The sun was shining brilliantly through the open casement windows of the best open casement windows of the most beautiful house in the neighbourhood. The Honourable Bill was sitting in a room, when that gentleman-in-law, who had been knocking upon his door for some time, rolled over, and opened his eyes.

He was looking at the clock, and saw that it was half past ten. He was looking at the clock, and saw that it was half past ten. He was looking at the clock, and saw that it was half past ten.

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wiping the tears from his eyes. "You'll be the death of me, Bates—you will really."

Mr. Bates looked upon him with strained amazement.

"I'm sure, sir—for them as is not his to do," he observed, edging gingerly, and in the most circuitous route possible towards the door.

Mr. Bates roared again.

"You look out he don't have you, Bates," he advised shakily. "According to M.O.s it's most dangerous to those who carry a bit of fat. In fact, doctors have the effect of Mr. Bates outside the door with one spring of tremendous agility, the Honourable Bill arose briskly; and stooped, scrouging up the crooked ears in very mazy fashion. He straightened up hurriedly, viewing his visitor with wrinkled nose, decidedly

"My dear old thing!" he gasped. "My very dear old Butler! Really! That prey of yours is nearly ripe for the crematorium. I like a bit of game myself, but damn it—you'll have phlegma if it isn't done old bean; it isn't done!"

At the dressing table Mr. Bates proceeded to lather, expostulating from time to time with his companion upon his predilection for things odoriferous. At length, being no longer able to bear with a scum that could have given Myrtle's fingers fifty yards in a hundred and lost it, he stooped, picked it up nonchalantly by the tail and hurled it through the window. Old Punch sat up, gave him one look as though to say, "If that's your dirty spirit you've no part in this," and then he lay down on his side, his head buried in a large blue cushion, and from thence with a thud to the ground.

The Honourable Bill, gazing forth with stricken conscience a moment or two later, discovered a huge hole in the centre of a beautifully kept rose bed. Beside him lay the deceased; awaiting interment. A bearded gardener, spade in hand, was

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with a faintly startled "Oh!" of maidenly agitation, stood and looked upon him.

"How adorably beautiful," thought the Honourable Bill with a deep breath.

"What a pleasant face," thought she shyly, in gentle charity.

"I was looking for my friend, Mr. Courtney," he began tentatively, gazing into her limpid eyes as though the ubiquitous Patrick might be discovered lurking there.

Liar! Unblushing and unmitigated liar!

"Perhaps I might introduce myself," he went on hurriedly. "My name is Blakeley—I Bill Blakeley." He smiled again with wistful appeal. "I only arrived last night—very late."

Miss Schornhurst extended a friendly hand which he fondly clutched at. It seemed a very slim and taper hand in his great paw.

"I knew who you were," she said pleasantly. "Mr. Courtney has spoken for you." She looked him. There was something very nice about the way in which he had omitted to mention his name in her teeth assertively. It was very well grounded. She certainly approved him; and he had very kind eyes.

The Honourable Bill showed his teeth again affably.

"One description of me," he grinned, "and you can't make any blunder. I'm used to call me 'Darwin' in France."

"Oh, but that's nonsense," said Veronica, hurriedly—then stopped in considerable confusion.

"Toh, isn't it," commented Mr. Blakeley equably. "I'm lovely, really."

It's their point of view that's out of gear.

Veronica's eyes wandered slowly about the garden, then rested upon an object at some distance.

"Perhaps," she said sweetly, "if you've quite finished with my hand—"

The Honourable Bill coloured and laughed sleepily.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I'd quite forgotten." Again—liar!

"Seemed so—so natural somehow," he explained ventriloqually.

They smiled, she keeping her eyes upon the distant object.

"Is that an English custom?" she asked, a dimple showing upon her soft cheek.

"Invariably," replied Mr. Blakeley. "I see," said Miss Schornhurst.

The Honourable Bill followed the direction of her gaze; by some extraordinary instinct at that moment she turned, caught his eye, and smiled. The Honourable Bill grinned hugely.

Seated in a small arbour in the company of a very tiny and outrageously lovely golden-haired little person, Mr. Courtney. He was holding forth impassionately upon some subject that seemed to be of considerable interest to both of them; for they appeared totally oblivious of the presence of anyone else in this delightful old garden.

"Penny!" thought Mr. Blakeley. "Penny," and a perfectly dainty, brand new, golden "Penny" fresh from the Mint she looked. "Penny" and Mr. Patrick Courtney, D.S.O. and M.C. He was at his miscreant work early. The dirty dog!

The Honourable Bill looked again at Veronica, still grinning.

"Ah," he said illuminatively. "They—they seem very interested," remarked Miss Schornhurst shyly.

"They do," agreed Mr. Blakeley. "It would be a crime to disturb 'em. Perhaps you'd show me the garden."

"But you've not breakfasted yet!" protested the lovely Veronica in some surprise.

"Has he?" demanded her companion, indicating the absorbed couple in the arbour.

"I think not," said she.

Mr. Blakeley took her arm gently below the elbow and turned her about. "Then there's plenty of time; he's in no hurry."

It was half an hour later when the maltreated Mr. Courtney eventually discovered them in an arbour as like the one occupied by Paddy Courtney and the little golden-haired "Penny," as if they had been twins. He also had quired the impressive earnestness of his friends; and Miss Veronica appeared to be hanging upon his words with considerable attention. Both appeared to have aroused the curiosity of the ubiquitous old Punch, who wandered between the two leafy bowers with increasing perplexity.

What the players were they all at? At the present moment he was seated at the entrance of arbour No. 2 listening with his head on one side, to the remarks of the Honourable Mr. Blakeley; and damned boring utterances, in his candid opinion, had the effect of them being hailed by the important-looking Mr. Courtney from a safe distance.

"Mr. Courtney is waiting you, sir, in the breakfast room. He wishes me to state that he has something of importance to communicate."

"Right ho," replied Mr. Blakeley. "And Mrs. Schornhurst," continued the human megaphone, "has been inquiring of your whereabouts, miss, for some considerable time."

"Coming," ejaculated Miss Schornhurst, eagerly.

Mr. Courtney, keeping a wary eye upon his enemy, beat a hasty retreat into the house; followed more leisurely by those whose immediate presence was required.

"You won't mind," whispered the said Veronica, laying a hand upon Mr.

Blakeley's arm. "If I introduce you to mamma as the Honourable Mr. Blakeley! Mamma—mamma is greatly impressed by titles."

"What a quaint idea!" said Mr. Blakeley with raised eyebrows.

"To you—yes," said the gentle Veronica with some agitation, and not without a trace of shamefacedness. "But—she—oh, I can't just explain. You—you wouldn't understand."

The Honourable Bill gave her hand a gentle and altogether unnecessary squeeze.

"Call me any old thing you like," he murmured. "If it will give you any pleasure you can say that I'm nephew of a marquis and the grandson of a duke. Also that my sister is the Countess of Baccadene. If it will make her view me with kinder feelings, please it on. I'll stick it somehow. Only, not, not in front of me, I beg!"

"It's awfully kind of you," said the girl. "It will make such a lot of difference."

"I—I can't quite see in what way, you know," pondered Mr. Blakeley. Miss Schornhurst glanced up at him softly, but offered no explanation.

Mr. Hammerden was already at breakfast with Patrick when the Honourable Bill, having safely negotiated the introduction to Mrs. Jacob J. and left that lady considerably impressed, put in his appearance.

"Good morning," he exclaimed genially, tossing an open letter across to his guest as he settled himself. "I hope you've slept well and are ready for action—the fun has started."

"Topping," returned Mr. Blakeley, settling himself comfortably before an enormous dish of Wilshire ham and eggs, "and this trifling repeat looks just about my barrow."

He picked up the letter and scanned it. At a nod from Mr. Hammer

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